

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1875, and is now in its hundred and thirty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellanea and valuable features and household departments. Rescuing no money, household in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Oddfellows of St. George—Percey Jeffrey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TEXT, No. 18, Knights of Macduff—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles B. Chubb, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WAXTON, No. 8331, Foresters of America—William A. Keenan, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterfield, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Cusey, President; Miss B. M. Dumbly, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OLIVER LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burdette, Master Workman; Perry D. Dwyer, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALDEN LODGE, No. 45, N. E. O. P.—Dorothy Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Miss G. G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin; Recorder, Robert S. Franklin. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain, William H. Langley; E. E. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 162—Robert B. Munroe, Chief; Alexander Gillespie, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### Board of Aldermen.

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening this week, the regular meeting night falling on Thanksgiving Day. There was not a great deal of business to be transacted and the meeting was a short one. A resolution was passed in regard to the city's notes for \$50,000 which had been authorized by the representative council. This was for the purpose of making certain that the issue would be legal.

There was a discussion over the petition from the Newport & Fall River Street Railway for permission to erect poles on Baitman avenue, Superintendent Gosling being present to explain the reason for the petition. It was voted to grant the request.

The pay roll of the various departments was approved.

In accordance with the custom of the order the annual memorial service of Newport Lodge, B. P. O. Elks, will be held at the Newport Opera House on Sunday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock and it is expected that there will be the usual large attendance. It is intended to have the programme a little more elaborate this year than heretofore. Rev. James Austin Richards will deliver the eulogy and Rev. Nathan S. Stevens will deliver the oration. The Harry K. Howard orchestra will furnish music.

The December session of the Superior Court will open in this city on Monday next. Although it has been but a very short time since the close of the last session the law provides that the next one shall begin the first Monday in December. Jurors have been summoned to be on hand at 11 o'clock Monday morning. It is not expected that there will be a great deal for the grand jury to do as the county has been reasonably free from crime since the last grand jury met.

The store of George Wyatt in the town of Portsmouth was broken into some time during Thursday night and a number of articles were stolen, including guns, perfume, etc. There is a very distinct clue to the identity of the burglar.

Miss Lillian Barrett spent Thursday in Newport, guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barrett on Dresser street.

Mr. T. T. Pittman is visiting his sister-in-law, Mrs. Fred Perry Powers, at Germantown, Pa.

### The City Election.

Although the city election will occur on Tuesday next there is not much excitement as yet manifest over it. About all the electioneering that is being done is by the Citizens Municipal Association which is doing considerable newspaper advertising in behalf of its candidates. Some of the candidates for aldermen have been out working among their friends and a few clericals have been sent out but aside from this there is a very marked lethargy among the voters, very different from the old fashioned election days.

The Citizens Municipal Association has selected a list of candidates which they direct the people to vote for. Some of these candidates secured their own nomination and others were nominated by the Association. This year they have endorsed Mayor Clarke who has no opponent and they have also endorsed the four nominees for school committee who have no opposition. Last year when there were two candidates for mayor and more than four for school committee the Association did not declare themselves for these offices.

For alderman from the first ward the association has endorsed Mr. Kingman who is up for re-election against Thomas C. Albino, Jr. In the second ward William Shepley and Herbert A. Kaulf are the nominees and here the association makes no endorsement although Mr. Shepley is a member of the present board and his record is exactly the same as that of Mr. Kingman. In the third ward the association is supporting Robert C. Cottrell who is running against Patrick J. Boyle, the present incumbent. In the fourth James B. Cottrell is selected for support, but the other nominees being John Gilpin, John T. Allan, William A. Maher and Dennis Shannhan. The Association apparently finds no candidate worthy of its support in the fifth ward where the candidates are J. Joseph M. Martin, Benjamin M. Anthony, Patrick J. Morgan, C. Oscar Schultz and Michael J. Kelly.

For members of the representative council the Association has selected for endorsement a full ticket of thirteen from each ward. There are plenty of candidates for the council, there being 20 nominees from the first ward, 30 from the second, 18 from the third, 34 from the fourth and 24 from the fifth. As there are to be but thirteen elected from each ward there will certainly be many disappointed ones on the morning of Wednesday next.

It is expected that it will take some time for a voter to record his ballot and also the work of counting the votes cannot be transacted rapidly, although it ought to go faster than last year as there are not so many candidates to be elected. Last year when there was an entire council of 195 members to be voted for the task of counting the votes was a gigantic one.

### The Collectorship.

There have been mentioned the names of many prominent citizens of Newport in connection with the vacancy in the office of collector of customs caused by the death of Clarence A. Hammett. The contest for the position is very keen but it does not seem likely that the appointment will be made very soon. In fact it is quite generally believed that there will be no appointment until after the General Assembly elects a United States Senator in January, although of course there is nothing officially known in regard to it. It was rumored about the city during the first of the week that Robert S. Gash had been appointed to the position but this proved to be unfounded and Mr. Gash subsequently stated that he was not a candidate. The most prominent candidate at present seems to be Mr. Robert S. Burlingame, Deputy Speaker of the House of Representatives. The general opinion seems to be that his chances look the brightest.

There was a lively northwest storm in this section of the country on Sunday and considerable damage was done. It rained easily during the day but with the coming of darkness the storm increased in violence and the rain came down in vast quantities. The streets were pretty thoroughly washed and several trees were blown over while others were stripped of their limbs. Electric light wires were somewhat damaged. There was much interference with shipping and it was a very rough night outside. Several cellars along Thames street were flooded, pumps being necessary to restore them to their normal condition. About two inches of rain fell before the weather cleared.

Mr. Herbert R. Crowley of New York has been spending his vacation in this city, guest of his parents, Chief of Police and Mrs. James R. Crowley.

Mr. Francis J. Otis of Narragansett avenue, who was convalescing from an attack of typhoid fever, has suffered a relapse and is seriously ill.

### Boston Sinfonia Quintet.

In the first appearance in Newport of the Boston Sinfonia Quintet last Monday evening, the people had an opportunity to enjoy music that was as rare as it was beautiful. A string quintet is a very unusual combination, and yet that it was one that was thoroughly enjoyed was proven by the close attention and hearty applause given by the large and enthusiastic audience that heard it.

The first number, the Mozart Serenade, especially written for this combination of five string instruments, was perfectly rendered and heartily appreciated. Mr. Kraft's violin solos, Wieniawski's Legend and Duglars, were given with all the grace and elegance expected of such an artist as Mr. Kraft. The selections were peculiarly well adapted to show all the fine points of Mr. Kraft's playing. The Legend is a selection which requires absolute command of technique and expression, and a complete understanding of the spirit of the composer; in all these respects, Mr. Kraft satisfied and delighted his audience. The Duglars, although of a completely different character, was as well rendered and proved that Mr. Kraft's ability was unlimited. In response to the prolonged applause, Mr. Kraft played a serenade by Herbert.

After the third number, which consisted of Strube's Beglio and Abendstaudchen by all five instruments, Mr. Hadley, the cellist, rendered a Larghetto, after which he played a gavotte by Hadley, which was so heartily applauded that he was obliged to respond to an encore. The gavotte called forth all that was polished and elegant in Mr. Hadley's playing. His tone and rendition were beyond any praise, while the sweetness and melody of the gavotte added much to the enjoyment of this selection.

After a short intermission, the final number, the Dvorak Quintet, was given. This called into play all the energy and skill of the musicians, and it was with regret that the audience was forced to disperse without an encore. The entire program, from start to finish, was one which afforded complete satisfaction and enjoyment. No piano was used, and the other instruments proved excellent in accompanying the solos.

### Committee of 25.

The committee of twenty-five of the representative council held a meeting on Monday for the purpose of making a beginning on some of the matters referred to them at the last meeting of the council. Chairman Dyer presided and there were five absentees. It was voted to recommend payment of the bill of Alexander S. Grey of Fall River for expert examination of the city's expenditures for three years.

There was some talk over the resolution authorizing the various departments to use the funds in their possession to keep them going until the first Monday in January. It was explained that it had been thought best to keep the city's books open until the latter date instead of closing them in December.

There was a report from the tax collector in regard to unpaid taxes. He presented a report showing a total of \$1,810.62 for the years from 1902 to 1905 which is still unpaid. Some of the members wished him to go ahead and collect these amounts, but others thought this would be a precipitate move and unwise, as it would work a hardship on some of these parties to be compelled to pay up immediately. It was voted to recommend to the council that the tax collector be directed to proceed to collect forthwith all taxes unpaid for two years.

It was decided to hold another meeting on Friday evening and at that time to have present heads of various departments, city solicitor, city treasurer, city clerk and the board of aldermen.

The 20th anniversary of the New England Order of Protection in this State was observed on Wednesday evening in Providence, when Infantry Hall was well filled by members and their friends to listen to addresses by the Supreme Lodge officers and by Mayor McCarthy of that city. Dancing followed the exercises.

Hon. Robert S. Franklin and his daughter, Miss Ruth B. Franklin, have been confined to their homes the past week by severe attacks of the grip. Mr. Franklin is able to be about the house, while Mrs. Franklin is feeling considerably improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Dutee Flint, of Providence, were guests of Mrs. Flint's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Howard, on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gottlieb Spingler celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage last Saturday.

Ex-Congressman Bull has gone South where he will spend the winter.

### Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday was an ideal day for Thanksgiving. The weather was typical of the season, clear and not too cool. Although in the early morning there were some indications of a storm, when the sun arose it dispersed the clouds and the sun shone brightly most of the time. In consequence there were lots of people out of doors, some to attend the church services, some to look at the various athletic sports, and others merely for the pleasure of being out in the open air on such a delightful autumn day. There were many family gatherings in honor of the day and many sons and daughters of Newport returned to spend the holiday in their old homes. The succulent turkey was the piece de resistance at most of the dinner tables, especially at the dinner given to the news and messenger boys through the generosity of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

There was a very good attendance at all the church services. Rev. Joseph Cooper of the First Methodist Episcopal Church was the preacher at the union services at the United Congregational, the churches participating in this service being the Channing Memorial, the First and Thames Street Methodist, the Swedish Methodist, Second Baptist and United Congregational. There was music by a united choir.

There was also a union service by the colored churches at the Union Congregational, when Rev. Edward F. Barrow, pastor of that church, preached the sermon. Services were held also at the First Presbyterian, First Baptist and the two Roman Catholic Churches. The Protestant Episcopal Church held a union service at St. George's at which Rev. Stanley C. Hughes of Trinity preached the sermon.

The crowning feature of this day, in the opinion of many small boys of the city, was the customary turkey dinner given by Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt to the newsboys and messenger boys. This was served by Caterer J. T. Allen in Music Hall and over four hundred boys went away with a feeling of fullness in their stomachs. Not all of those who attended held tickets but those were allowed to go away hungry, although the ticket holders were given first chance at the many good things.

The Howard orchestra furnished music and Mr. Thomas B. Tanner acted as master of ceremonies, introducing Rev. Edward A. Johnson, who asked the divine blessing, and Mayor William P. Clarke who spoke a few words to the boys. After that the boys were very busy for a time putting out of the way the many tables with which the tables were loaded.

At the City Asylum, the Newport Hospital and at the various government stations there were special dinners and general celebrations in honor of the day.

There were several football games and other sports during the day. The largest attendance was at the afternoon game on the Gammell lot, between the Rangers and the Father Mathews Total Abstinence Society, the former winning by a score of 30 to 0. Although the game was a walk-over for the Rangers it was not uninteresting, the Tubs putting up a plucky fight against strong odds. In the morning there was a game at the Civic League grounds between the Rogers High School and players from the Alumni of the school in which the regular team beat the graduates by a score of 6 to 5 in a hard fought contest. There were several minor games during the day.

In the evening there was a fine basketball game at the State Armory between the Naval Reserves and the Kulekbrocker two of New York. The game was clean and fast and the victory went to the local team by a score of 40 to 11.

Mr. G. Andrews Moriarty, Jr., grandson of the late Senator Sheffield and of Dr. John Moseley Moriarty, formerly port-physician of the city of Boston, who has recently been appointed U. S. Consular-agent at Fiume, Hungary, sailed last Saturday from New York on the Church steamer Carolina for the Adriatic.

Saturday morning the body of a man was found floating in the harbor and it was subsequently identified as that of William Knott, a sailor, who was drowned by falling overboard from the bark Arcton on the night of November 4. The remains were taken to Fall River for interment.

Mrs. J. B. Busk and her daughter, Miss Margaret Busk, have returned from Europe, where they have been on an extended visit. They were in Newport on Monday inspecting their villa, "Indian Spring," on Ocean avenue.

### Wedding Bells.

Hartwick-Thomas.  
Miss Sophia Catherine Thomas, daughter of Mrs. Catherine E. Thomas, and Mr. Frederick J. Hartwick were married at St. Mary's rectory on Thursday afternoon, the ceremony being witnessed by relatives and intimate friends. Rev. Father Reddy officiated. The bride wore a princess dress of elony lace over white tulle, en traine, and in her hair she wore ostrich feathers. Her bouquet was of white chrysanthemums. Miss Etta M. Broderick of Boston was the bridesmaid, wearing a dress of pink over pink tulle. She wore a picture hat to match and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. Edward C. Hartwick, of Chicago, and Mr. C. Edward Giffin and Mr. E. F. Gill of Newport were the ushers.

A wedding luncheon and reception followed at the home of the bride's mother on Prospect Hill street, where the many pretty gifts sent to the bride were shown.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartwick left on the Fall River Line boat for New York and were met at the landing by a merry party, who showered them with rice. On their return they will reside at 62 Prospect Hill street.

Woods-James.

Miss Catherine C. Woods and Mr. George Hazard James were married at St. Mary's rectory Wednesday evening, Rev. Father Reddy officiating. The bride wore a dress of champagne color and a picture hat to match. Her sister, Miss Mae Woods, was the bridesmaid. She wore a dress of cherry color and a picture hat. Mr. Robert G. James acted as best man.

A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents on Simmons street. The bride received many handsome wedding gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. James left on their wedding trip and will reside in New York.

King-Carlson.

At the parsonage of the First Baptist church Wednesday evening Rev. Edward A. Johnson, D. D., united in marriage Miss Josephine Carlson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnson, and Mr. Louis Lorillard King, both of this city. The young couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. King, brother and sister-in-law of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. King will reside at the corner of Bull and Mt. Vernon streets.

By the will of the late Clarence A. Hammett, which was filed for probate this week, a number of minor bequests are made and the bulk of the estate goes to the members of his family. The business which he had built up and conducted so successfully is given to the two employees, Hermanus Klansens and Miss Anna M. Butler. There is a bequest of \$100 to the United Congregational Church and Miss Anna M. Butler and Mrs. Carrie Hall Weir are each remembered to the extent of \$100. Hermanus Klansens and John P. Peckham are the executors.

The funeral of Mr. Frederic Sheldon, who died at his summer residence on Narragansett avenue on Thursday of last week, took place at Trinity Church Monday afternoon and was largely attended. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of the church, officiated, assisted by Rev. Henry Morgan Stone. Several favorite hymns of the deceased were sung. The remains were taken to Forest Hills, Boston, for cremation.

### The Official Ballot.

The official result of the voting on November 5 for State Officers is announced by the returning board to be as follows:

For Governor—Jackson, R., 31,005; Higgins, D., 33,800; Remondino, Pro., 831; Leach, Socialist-Labor, 286; Johnson, Socialist, 681. Plurality for Higgins, 2295.

For Lieutenant Governor—Watrous, R., 31,216; Slason, D., 31,207; Case, Pro., 603; Tibbitts, Socialist-Labor, 307; Allen, Socialist, 630. Plurality for Watrous, 9.

For Secretary of State—Hennett, R., 34,163; Grieve, D., 28,124; Jencks, Pro., 623; Northrup, Socialist-Labor, 323; Fletcher, Socialist, 605. Plurality for Hennett, 6003.

For Attorney General—Greenough, R., 35,652; Sullivan, D., 28,661; Kneeland, Pro., 835; Herick, Socialist-Labor, 318; Hurst, Socialist, 623. Plurality for Greenough, 4021.

For General Treasurer—Read, R., 33,622; Archambault, D., 23,373; King, Pro., 313; Bowers, Socialist-Labor, 311; Thomas, Socialist, 612. Plurality for Read, 6246.

There were 67,991 ballots cast. There were 25,639 straight Republican ballots, 25,256 straight Democratic and 17,093 split tickets. For Governor there were 686 defective ballots. In all 1290 persons failed to vote for Governor, 3205 for Lieut. Governor, 3332 for Secretary of State, 3455 for Attorney General, and 3737 for General Treasurer.

Hon. George Peabody Watson and his secretary, Mr. Vale, have gone to Washington.

### Middletown.

Owing to the storm of Sunday last, the afternoon and evening services at the Methodist Episcopal Church were not held. As it is not customary at this church to hold a regular service on Thanksgiving day, the pastor, the Rev. H. H. Critchlow, was intending to hold a Thanksgiving service in the afternoon. In the evening the exercises were to have been given under the direction of the local Women's Temperance Union as an especial observance of "World's Temperance Sunday."

A quiet observance of the 81th birthday of Mr. Elsie Clark Peckham was held on Saturday, the 23d, at his home "7 Pines" on Peckham Avenue. Many of his children called during the day to offer congratulations and Mr. Peckham received numerous remembrances of the day. In the enjoyment of fairly good health, and with an active interest in the affairs of the day, of which he keeps well posted, Mr. Peckham is a staunch type of the pioneer days, for he made two trips to California in the "forties." His present family, 11 living children with their families, which includes his grandchildren and great grandchildren, himself and wife, number 75. Mr. and Mrs. Peckham will have been married 60 years in the spring.

The regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange, coming on Thanksgiving, was changed to Tuesday evening of this week and was held at the town hall. During the business session resolutions on the death of its former patron, Mrs. James R. Chase, were read and the charter draped. Notice of the next meeting was given which is to include a Christmas celebration on December 12, in charge of Miss Anna A. Odenman and Mrs. Alice R. Hubbell. At the close of the business session the evening was placed in charge of Mr. Karl M. Stone of Newport who had been appointed chairman of a musical. An attractive program of eight numbers was given by Prof. Lutter, violinist, Miss Marian Greer, soprano soloist, and Mr. Stone, all of Newport, assisted by Messrs. Albert C. Young and Mr. John R. Austin of Middletown and by Miss Gerda Holmes pianist of Newport. The audience was very appreciative of the generous offerings. Light refreshments were served followed by dancing until a late hour, music being furnished by the Misses Holmes and Greer.

Mr. Reuben Wallace Peckham, who was a member of the first graduating class at Kingston College in 1807, attended a meeting of the Alumni Association held in Kingston on last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden P. Barker entertained on Thanksgiving, Mr. Barker's twin brother, Mr. Ashton G. Barker and family and Mrs. Mary A. Pierce.

Thanksgiving day was observed at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel by a morning service held at 10.30, the Rev. Latta Griswold officiating.

St. Columba's Guild was entertained on Friday afternoon by Mrs. Ida Calvert at her home on Green End Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodman Chase, recently married, were the recipient, on Tuesday, of a purse of \$31.00 as a token of the kindly interest and good will of the subscribers on Mr. Chase's postal route No. 2, which he has conducted the past seven years in a most faithful and obliging manner.

The Rev. John B. Dunn expects to return to Middletown next week although he will not resume his full duties at St. George's School until later. He will be the guest of Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant.

On Tuesday evening of next week, the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold a Christmas sale in the church vestry for the benefit of the new church building fund. An oyster supper will be served and an entertainment given in the evening. Among the sale's booths will be "A Remembrance Table" containing articles sent from away by former residents of Middletown. To these will be attached tags—bearing the donor's names and addresses. The purchasers are requested to return a note of acknowledgment and greeting to the giver.

On Sunday evening a service on the life and work of Charles Wesley will be given by the Rev. H. H. Critchlow at the Methodist Episcopal Church, November 29 is the 200th anniversary of Charles Wesley's birth.

A "Cottage service," held during the past two winters by the Rev. John B. Dunn, among the members of the Berkeley Memorial Parish, will be resumed on Sunday evening. They will be conducted by the Rev. Latta Griswold for the present.

Gunner Walker, of the Kearsage, will shortly sail for the Pacific coast. During his absence Mrs. Walker and her two children will remain in Newport, guests of Mrs. Walker's mother, Mrs. Peter Kneave, on Newport avenue.

Miss Alta H. Grinnall of the Mercury spent Thanksgiving in Providence, guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lyon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Hoyer Sweet spent the Thanksgiving holidays with friends in Boston.

### Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the upper half of the two tenement house, No. 87 Howard street, to William Ormond for the owner, Joshua Stacy.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the lower half of the two tenement house, No. 38 Tummes street, belonging to John W. Covell, to Mrs. Nellie Scholte-zer.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the middle flat in Wood Block, No. 25 Thames street, to T. Arlino, U. S. N., for the owner, George A. Wood.

# The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

DAY was breaking as Glenister came down the mountain. With the first light he halted to see the trail, and, having no means of knowing that the fresh tracks he found were not those of the two riders he followed, he urged his battered horse ahead till he became suddenly conscious that he was very tired and had not slept for two days and nights. The realization did not reassure the young man, for his body was a weapon which must not fail in the slightest measure now that there was work to do. Even the welcome speculation upon his physical handicap offered relief, however, from the agony which fed upon him whenever he thought of Helen in the gambler's hands. Meanwhile the horse, growling at his master's violence, plunged onward toward the roofs of Nemo, now growing gray in the first dawn.

It seemed years since Roy had seen the sunlight. For this night, burdened with suspense, had been endlessly long. His body was faint beneath the strain, and yet he rode on and on, tired, dogged, stony, his eyes set toward the sea, his mind a storm of formless, whirling thoughts, beneath which was an undeviating, implacable determination.

The knave knew that he had sacrificed all hope of the Midas, and likewise the hope of Helen was gone; in fact, he began to realize dimly that from the beginning he had never had the possibility of winning her, that she had never been destined for him and that his love for her had been sent him as a light by which he was to find himself. He had fallen everywhere; he had become an outlaw; he had fought and gone down, certain only of his rectitude and the mastery of his unruly spirit. Now the hour had come when he would perform his last mission, deriving therefrom that satisfaction which the gods could not deny. He would have his vengeance.

The scheme took form without conscious effort on his part and enforced two things—the death of the gambler and a meeting with McNamara. Of the former, he had no more doubt than that the sun rising there would sink in the west. So well confirmed was this belief that the details did not engage his thought; but on the result of the other encounter he speculated with some interest. From the first McNamara had been a riddle to him, and mysterious breeds curiosity. His blind, instinctive hatred of the man had assumed the proportions of a mania; but as to what the outcome would be when they met face to face, fate alone could tell. Anyway, McNamara should never have Helen—Roy believed his mission covered that point as well as her deliverance from the Bronco Kid. When he had finished, he would pay the price. If he had the luck to escape, he would go back to his hills and his solitude; if he did not, his future would be in the hands of his enemies.

He entered the silent streets unobserved, for the mists were heavy and low. Smoke columns arose vertically in the still air. The rain had ceased, having beaten down the waves which rumbled against the beach, filling the streets with their subdued thunder. A ship anchored in the offing, and run in from the lee of Sledge Island with the first lull; while midway to the shore a tender was rising and falling, its oars flashing like the silvered feelers of a sea insect crawling upon the surface of the ocean.

He rode down Front street heedless of danger, heedless of the comment his appearance might create, and, unseen, entered his enemy's stronghold. He passed a gambling hall, through the windows of which came a sickly yellow gleam. A man came out unsteadily and stared at the horseman, then passed on.

Glenister's plan was to go straight to the Northern and from there to track down his owner relentlessly, but in order to reach the place his course led him past the office of Dunham & Struve. This brought back to his mind the man dying out there ten miles at his back. The gentlest humanity demanded that assistance he sent at once. Yet he dared not give word openly, thus betraying his presence, for it was necessary that he maintain his liberty during the next hour at all hazards. He suddenly thought of an expedient and reined in his horse, which stopped with wide spread legs and deflected head while he dismounted and climbed the stairs to leave a note upon the door. Some one would see the message shortly and recognize its urgency.

In dressing for the battle at the Midas on the previous night he had procured his water-proof boots with "muck-luks," which are waterproof, light and pliable footwear made from the skin of seal and walrus. He was thus able to move as noiselessly as though in moccasins. Finding neither pencil nor paper in his pocket, he tried the outer door of the office, to find it unlocked. He stepped aside and listened, then moved toward a table on which were writing materials, but in doing so heard a rustle in Struve's private office. Evidently his soft soles had not disturbed the man inside. Roy was about to tiptoe out as he had come when the hidden man cleared his throat. It is in these involuntary sounds that the voice retains its natural quality more distinctly even than in speaking. A strange eagerness grew in Glenister's face, and he approached the partition stealthily. It was of wood and glass, the panes clouded and opaque to a height of some six feet; but, stepping upon a chair, he peered into the room beyond. A man knelt in a litter of papers before the open safe, its drawers and compartments removed and their contents scattered. The watcher lowered himself, drew his gun and laid soft hand upon the doorknob, turning the latch with firm fingers. His vengeance had come to meet him.

After lying in wait during the long night, certain that the vigilantes would spring his trap, McNamara was astounded at news of the battle at the Midas and of Glenister's success. He stormed and cursed his men as cowards. The judge became greatly exercised over this new development, which, coupled with his night of long anxiety, reduced him to a pitiful hysteria.

"They'll blow us up next. Great heavens! Dynamite! Oh, that is barbarous. For Heaven's sake, get the soldiers out, Alec."

"Ay, we can use them now." Thereupon McNamara roused the commanding officer at the post and requested him to reassemble a troop and have them ready to march at daylight, then he ordered the judge to start the wheels of his court and invoke this military aid in regular fashion.

"Make it all a matter of record," he said. "We want to keep our skirts clear from now on."

"But the townspeople are against us," quavered Stillman. "They'll tear us to pieces."

"Let 'em try. Once I get my hand on the ringleader, the rest may riot and be damned."

Although he had made less display than had the judge, the receiver was no less worried about Helen, of whom no news came. His jealousy, fanned to red heat by the discovery of her earlier defection, was enhanced fourfold by the thought of this last adventure. Something told him there was treachery afoot, and when she did not return at dawn he began to fear that she had cast in her lot with the rioters. This aroused a perfect delirium of doubt and anger till he reasoned further that Struve, having gone with her, must also be a traitor. He recognized the menace in this fact, knowing the man's vanity, so began to reckon carefully its significance. What could Struve do? What proof had he? McNamara started and, seizing his hat, hurried straight to the lawyer's office and let himself in with the key he carried. It was light enough for him to decipher the characters on the safe lock as he turned the combination, so he set to work scanning the endless bundles within, hoping that after all the man had taken with him no incriminating evidence. Once the searcher paused at some fancied sound, but when nothing came of it drew his revolver and laid it before him just inside the safe door and close beneath his hand, continuing to run through the documents while his uneasiness increased. He had been engaged so for some time when he heard the faintest creak at his back, too slight to alarm and just sufficient to break his tension and cause him to jerk his head about. Framed in the open door stood Roy Glenister watching him.

McNamara's astonishment was so genuine that he leaped to his feet, faced about, and prompted by a secretive instinct swung to the safe door as though to guard its contents. He had acted upon the impulse before realizing that his weapon was inside and that now, although the door was not locked, it would require that one dangerous, yes, faint second to open it.

The two men stared at each other for a time, silent and malignant, their glances meeting like blades; in the older man's face a look of defiance, in the younger's a dogged and grim purpose. McNamara's first perturbation left him calm, alert, dangerous, whereas the continued contemplation of his enemy worked in Glenister to destroy his composure, and his purpose blazed forth undimmed.

He stood there unkempt and soiled, the cloud sweep of jaw and throat overgrown with a three days' black stubble, his hair wet and matted, his whole left side foul with clay where he had fallen in the darkness. A muddy red streak spread downward from a cut above his temple, beneath his eyes were sagging folds, while the flicker at his mouth corners betrayed the high nervous pitch to which he was keyed.

"I have come for the last act, McNamara. Now we'll have it out map to map."

The politician shrugged his shoulders. "You have the drop on me. I am unarmed." At which the miner's face lighted fiercely, and he chuckled.

"Ah, that's almost too good to be true. I have dreamed about such a thing, and I have been hungry to feel your throat since the first time I saw you. It's grown on me till shooting wouldn't satisfy me. Ever had the feeling? Well, I'm going to choke the life out of you with my bare hands."

McNamara squared himself. "I wouldn't advise you to try it. I have lived longer than you, and I was never beaten, but I know the feeling you speak about. I have it now."

His eyes roved rapidly up and down the other's form, noting the lean thighs and close drawn belt, which lent the appearance of sparseness, belied only by the neck and shoulders. He had beaten better men, and he reasoned that if it came to a physical test in these cramped quarters his own great weight would more than offset any superior agility the miner might possess.

The longer he looked the more he yielded to his hatred of the man before him and the more cruelly he longed to satisfy it.

"Take off your coat," said Glenister. "Now turn around. All right! I just wanted to see if you were lying about your gun."

"I'll kill you!" cried McNamara.

Glenister laid his six shooter upon the safe and slipped off his own wet garment. The difference was more marked now and the advantage more strongly with the receiver. Though they had avoided allusion to it, each knew that this light had nothing to do with the Midas and each realized whence sprang their fierce enmity. And it was meet that they should come together thus. It had been the one certain and logical event which they had felt inevitably approaching from long back. And it was fitting, moreover, that they should fight alone and unaided, armed only with the weapons of the wilderness, for they were both of the far, free lands, were both of the fighter's type and had both waited for the first great prize.

They met ferociously. McNamara aimed a fearful blow, but Glenister met him squarely, beating him off cleverly, stepping in and out, his

arms swinging loosely from his stout arms like whalebone withes tipped with lead. He moved lightly, his footing made doubly secure by reason of his soft soled moccasins. Recognizing his opponent's greater weight, he undertook merely to stop the headlong rushes and round out of reach as long as possible. He struck the politician fairly in the mouth so that the man's head snapped back and his fists went wild then, before the arms could grasp him, the miner had broken ground and whipped another blow across, but McNamara was a boxer himself, so covered and blocked it. The politician spat through his mashed lips and rushed again, sweeping his opponent from his feet. Again Glenister's fist shot forward like a lump of granite, but the other came on head down and the blow finished too high, landing on the big man's brow. A sudden darting agony paralyzed Roy's hand, and he realized that he had broken the metacarpal bones and that hereafter it would be useless. Before he could recover McNamara had passed under his extended arm and seized him by the middle, then, thrusting his left leg back of Roy's, he whirled him from his balance, flung him clear and with resistless force. It seemed that a fatal fall must follow, but the youth squirmed unlike in the air, landing with set muscles which rebounded like rubber. Even so, the receiver was upon him before he could rise, reaching for the young man's throat with his heavy hands. Roy recognized the fatal "strangle" hold and, seizing his enemy's wrists, endeavored to tear them apart, but his left hand was useless, so with a mighty wrench he freed himself, and, locked in each other's arms, the men strained and swayed about the office till their neck veins were bursting, their muscles paralyzed.

Men may fight duels calmly, may shoot or parry or thrust with cold deliberation, but when there comes the jar of body to body, the sweaty contact of skin to skin, the play of iron muscles, the painful gasp of exhaustion—then the mind goes skittering back into its dark recesses while every venomous passion leaps forth from its hiding place and joins in the horrid war.

They tripped across the floor, crashing into the partition, which split, showering them with glass. They fell



They tripped across the floor, crushing into the partition.

and rolled in it, then, by consent, wrenched themselves apart, rose, eye to eye, their jaws hanging, their lungs wheezing, their faces trickling blood and sweat. Roy's left hand pained him excruciatingly, while McNamara's mangled lips had turned outward in a hideous pout. They crouched so for an instant, cruel, bestial—then clinched again. The office fittings were wrecked utterly, and the room became a litter of ruins. The men's garments fell away till their breasts were bare and their arms swelled white and knotted through the rags. They knew no pain, their bodies were insensate mechanisms.

Gradually the older man's face was beaten into a shapeless mass by the other's cunning blows, while Glenister's every bone was wrenched and twisted under his enemy's terrible onslaughts. The miner's chief effort, it is true, was to keep his feet and to break the man's embraces. Never had he encountered one whom he could not beat by sheer strength till he met this great, snarling creature who worried him like a lion and who as though he were a child. Time and again Roy beat upon the man's face with the blows of a sledge. No rules governed this solitary combat; the men were deaf to all but the roaring in their ears, blinded to all but hate, insensible to everything but the blood mania. Their tramping feet caused the building to rumble and shake as though some monster were running amuck.

Meanwhile a barcheaded man rushed out of the store beneath, bumping into a pedestrian who had paused on the sidewalk, and together they scurried up the stairs. The dory which Roy had seen at sea had shot the breakers, and now its three passengers were tracking through the wet sand toward Front street, Bill Wheaton in the lead. He was followed by two rawboned men who traveled without baggage. The city was awakening with the sun which reared a copper rim out of the sea. Judge Stillman and Voorhees came down from the hotel and paused to gaze through the mists at a caravan of mule teams which trotted into the other end of the street with jingle and clank. The wagons were blue with soldiers, the early golden rays slanting from their fringes, and they were bound for the Midas.

Out of the fogs which clung so thickly to the tundra there came two other horses, distorted and unreal, on one a girl, on the other a figure of pain and tragedy, a grotesque creature that swayed stiffly to the motion of its steed, its face writhen into lines of suffering, its hands clutching cante and horn.

It was as though fate, with invisible touch, were setting her stage for the last act of this play, assembling the principals close to the golden sands where first they had made entrance.

The man and the girl came face to face with the judge and marshal, who cried out upon seeing them, but as they reined in, out from the stairs beside them a man shot amid clatter and uproar.

"Give me a hand—quick!" he shouted to them.

"What's up?" inquired the marshal. "It's murder!" McNamara and Glenister! He dashed back up the steps behind Voorhees, the judge following, while muffled cries came from above.

The gambler turned toward the three men who were hurrying from the beach and, recognizing Wheaton, called to him: "Entle my feet! Cut the ropes! Quick!"

"What's the trouble?" the lawyer asked, but on hearing Glenister's name bounded after the judge, leaving one of his companions to free the rider. They could hear the light now and all crowded toward the door, Helen with her brother, in spite of his warning to stay behind.

She never remembered how she climbed those stairs, for she was borne along by that hypnotic power which drags one to behold a catastrophe in spite of his will. Reaching the room, she stood appalled; for the group she had joyed watched two raging things that rushed at each other with inhuman cries, ragged, bleeding, fighting on a carpet of debris. Every loose and breakable thing had been ground to splinters as though by iron slugs in a whirling cylinder.

To this day, from Dawson to the straits, from Unga to the arctic, men tell of the combat wherever they foregather at dining saloons or in dingy bunkhouses, and, although some scout the tale, there are others who saw it and can swear to its truth. Those say that the encounter was like the battle of Bull Moose in the rutting season, though more terrible, averring that two men like these had never been known in the land since the days of Vitus Bering and his crew; for their rancor had swollen till at feet of each other's flesh they ran mad and felt superhuman strength. It is true, at any rate, that neither was conscious of the filling room, nor the cries of the crowd, even when the marshal forced himself through the wedged door and fell upon the nearest, which was Glenister. He came at an instant when the two had paused at arm's length, glaring with rage drunken eyes, gasping the labored breath taken into their lungs.

With a fling of his long arms the young man hurled the intruder aside so violently that his head struck the iron safe and he collapsed insensible. Then without apparent notice of the interruption, the fight went on. It was seen during this respite that McNamara's mouth was running water as though he were deathly sick, while every catch brought forth a groan. Helen heard herself crying, "Stop them! Stop them!" But no one seemed capable of interference. She heard her brother muttering and his breath coming heavily like that of the fighters, his body swaying in time to theirs. The judge was ashy, limber, helpless.

McNamara's distress was patent to his antagonist, who advanced upon him with the hunger of promised victory, but the young man's muscles obeyed his commands sluggishly; his ribs seemed broken, his back was weak, and on the inner side of his legs the flesh was quivering. As they came together the boss, reared up his right hand and caught the miner by the face, burying thumb and fingers crablike into his cheeks, forcing his slack jaws apart, thrusting his head backward, while he centered every ounce of his strength in the effort to maim. Roy felt the flesh giving way and dug himself backward to break the hold, whereupon the other summoned his wasting energy and plunged toward the safe, where lay the revolver. Instantly warned Glenister of treachery, told him that the man had sought this last resource to save himself, and as he saw him turn his back and reach for the weapon the youth leaped like a panther, seizing him about the waist, grasping McNamara's wrist with his right hand. For the first time during the combat they were not face to face, and on the instant Roy realized the advantage given him through the other's perfidy, realized the wrestler's hold that was his and knew that the moment of victory was come.

The telling takes much time, but so quickly had these things happened that the footsteps of the soldiers had not yet reached the door when the men were locked beside the safe.

Of what happened next many garbled accounts have gone forth, for of all those present none but the Bronco Kid knew its significance and ever recounted the truth concerning it. Some claim that the younger man was seized with a fear of death which multiplied his enormous strength, others that the power died in his adversary as reward for his treason, but it was not so.

No sooner had Roy encompassed McNamara's waist from the rear than he wrenched his damaged hand up past the other's chest and around the back of his neck, thus bringing his own left arm close under his enemy's left armpit, wedging the receiver's head forward, while with his other hand he grasped the politician's right wrist close to the revolver, thus holding him in a grasp which could not be broken. Now came the test. The two bodies set themselves rocklike and rigid. There was no hugging about. Calling up the final atom of his strength, Glenister bore backward with his right arm, and it became a contest for the weapon, which, clutched in the two hands, swayed back and forth or darted up and down, the fury of resistance causing it to trace formless patterns in the air with its muzzle. McNamara shook himself, but he was close against the safe and could not escape, his head bowed forward by the lock of the miner's left arm, and so he strained till the breath clogged in his throat. Despite the grievous toll his right hand moved back slightly. His feet shifted a bit, while the blood seemed bursting from his eyes, but he found that the long fingers encircling his wrist were like gyves weighted with the strength of the hills and the irresistible vigor of youth which knew no defeat. Slowly, inch by inch, the great man's arm was dragged back, down past his side, while the strangling labor of his breath showed at what awful cost. The muzzle of the gun described a semicircle and the knotted hands began to travel toward the left, more rapidly now, across his broad back. Still he struggled and wrenched, but uselessly. He strove to fire the weapon, but his fingers were woven about it so that the hammer

would not work. Then the miner began forcing upward.

The white skin beneath the men's strips of clothing was stretched over great knots and ridges which sunk and swelled and quivered. Helen, watching in silent terror, felt her brother sinking his fingers into her shoulder and heard him panting, his face alight with excitement, while she became conscious that he had repeated time and again: "It's the hammer lock—the hammer lock."

By now McNamara's arm was bent and cramped upon his back, and then they saw Glenister's shoulder dip, his elbow come closer to his side, and his body heave in one final terrific effort as though pushing a heavy weight. In the silence something snapped like a stick. There came a deafening report and the scream of a strong man overcome with agony. McNamara went to his knees and sagged forward on to his face as though every bone in his huge bulk had turned to water, while his master reeled back against the opposite wall, his heels dragging in the litter, bracing up with outflung arms as though fearful of falling, swaying, blind, exhausted, his face blackened by the explosion of the revolver, yet grim with the light of victory.

Judge Stillman shouted hysterically: "Arrest that man, quick! Don't let him go!"

It was the miner's first realization that others were there. Raising his head he stared at the faces close against the partition, then groaned the words: "I beat the traitor and—and I broke him with—my hands!"

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Mirth of a Murderer.**  
With the help of a little tool, not unlike a tin opener, our burglar cut two long slits—one perpendicular, the other horizontal—in the iron shop shutter. Then he wrenched the flap toward him, bending it with his powerful hands as one twists open the lid of a sardine tin. Another minute and he was inside.

Quietly and methodically he thrust precious stones and rings into his little bag, choosing those which besides being small were of great value. The bag was all but full when the jeweler himself appeared at the back of the shop. He carried a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other.

The burglar bowed very politely and said: "I did not care to pass by an old friend's house without stopping to bid him good day."

The unsuspecting jeweler allowed himself to be shaken by the hand, when, with a sudden thrust, the burglar stabbed him to the heart. The bag was rapidly filled to almost bursting point, and before leaving the premises the burglar wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, which he pasted on the outside of the shop: "Closed on account of death in the family."—London Scraps.

**Professional Etiquette.**  
An eminent physician had a valuable cow, which became sick and seemed likely to die. He asked an Irish servant who lived with him if he knew anybody who followed cow doctoring. The doctor's groom said, "There's Jemmy Lafferty, who can cure any cow in the world." "Well, then," replied the doctor, "go for Lafferty." The cow doctor accordingly came and treated the brute for four or five days, and on the lapse of due time he waited on Dr. Lewis and pronounced her cured.

The doctor, greatly delighted, put his hand on his pocketbook. "Well, Lafferty, what do I owe you?" "Owe me!" replied Jemmy, drawing himself up with dignity. "Nothing, sir. We doctors never take money of one another."

"My first impulse," said the doctor while telling the story, "was to throw his fee after him, but on second thought the whole affair seemed so ridiculous that I bowed him my acknowledgments with as much gravity as I could assume."—London Telegraph.

**Loaded Ivory.**  
An Ivory dealer uttered a cry of rage.

"Done again!" he said. "Done out of \$50!" And he laid aside one of the tusks from the great heap that he had been examining.

"It is ballasted with lead," he said. "That is a common Kongo trick. The native when he gets a good big tusk of eighty pounds or so melts up ten or fifteen pounds of lead and pours it down into the tusk's hollow. He fills it so to speak, as a dentist fills a tooth."

"We dealers know the dodge, and every tusk is gone over carefully for a lead filling. My new trader, though, is rather careless, and this is the second filled tusk that has been worked off on him in the last quarter."

The dealer's frown vanished, and he smiled.

"Of course the trader and not I will have to stand the loss," he said.—Minneapolis Journal.

**Old Age Is Selfish.**  
A lady residing in a quiet village in Suffolk used to take an interest in a very aged couple who were spinning out the last thread of life in "Darby and Joan" fashion, seated on either side of their fireplace. She often paid them a visit to cheer them up. The old man had been ailing, and at last a day came when the visitor found only one chair occupied. Darby was not in his usual place.

"Where is your husband?" "Well, mum, he be gone at last." "Oh, I'm so sorry! That is very sad for you," said the lady, seeking to find words of consolation.

"Yes, mum, it be sad," replied the old woman, "but, then, you see, he were fearfully in the way of the oven."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Rebuked.**  
Young College Woman (interested in politics)—The office should seek the man. Grandma (rather deaf)—I know that's what girls think nowadays, but in my time it was considered very unladylike.—Puck.

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## FEAR.

## HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

Fear is not always a lack of courage. One may be absolutely fearless when facing real danger, but a perfect coward about trifling matters. Many people fear to be in a crowded hall, and frequently, and unnecessarily, leave some enjoyable affair and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent, that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of this character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

A further proof that these organs are diseased, is ascertained by a glass tumbler and if after standing twenty-four hours you find it rusty or milky in appearance; if it has a sediment; if your back pains you, and you often have a desire to urinate during the night, with burning, scalding pains; it's the strongest kind of evidence that your kidneys and bladder are diseased and the very strongest reason why you should not delay in trying DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, the pathfinder in medicine, for disease of the kidneys and bladder, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation.

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## The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131  
House Telephone 1219

Saturday, November 30, 1907.

Congress meets next Monday, when currency legislation will begin. It is reported that nearly every Congressman has a scheme of his own for improving the finances of the country.

New York Sun says editorially that Mr. Cortelyou is the ablest and most courageous secretary of the treasury that has yet served his country. Evidently the Sun is placing its love on Cortelyou which it has so long withheld from Roosevelt.

An official welcome was extended on Monday to the new city of Gary, Indiana, by the governor of that state. The city, which was nothing but a desert 18 months ago, now contains 12,000 inhabitants, and has the promise of 100,000 inside of another 18 months.

J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., in a talk at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church Sunday stated that if money is made honestly, without harm to the community and with no thought of using it for evil or selfish ends, he could not see why this pursuit of happiness is more injurious than the pursuit of power, which so many men and women practice for good ends.

John D. Rockefeller says of the financial situation that the worst is over but that we are bound to feel the effects for some time. He believes there was no occasion for the situation that arose. He believes President Roosevelt was actuated by the best motives and has no criticism to make regarding him. The financial condition was foreseen long before it was felt.

It is related that one bank in New York, where persistent depositor demanded immediate payment of his deposit in currency, paid him \$3,600 in one dollar silver pieces, which made it necessary for the rate receiver to get a cab in which to take his money away. Payments in silver dollars is legal tender, and such kind of payment might discourage senseless runs on perfectly solvent banking institutions.

President Roosevelt is quoted as saying recently: "I do not want a man like Charles E. Hughes to succeed me in the White House. He would take six months to settle the type of case across the isthmus. I would rather have a man like Knox or Taft in my place. Knox settled that canal question by one short speech in the Senate." He probably never said anything of the kind.

One of the cheering signs of the times is the disposition on the part of business men the country over to stand by one another. In New York, especially, failures which would have been disastrous to the business of the country have been prevented. And it is not the banks only which have been saved by such co-operation on the part of the solvent institutions. The benefits of the action which has been taken cannot be overestimated.

Secretary McCall has asked Attorney General Bonaparte for an opinion whether the navy department is liable on a claim of \$635,000 made by the Fore River Shipbuilding Co. of Quincy, on account of changes made in the plans of the battleships Rhode Island and New Jersey. A similar claim of \$435,000 is made by the Newport News Shipbuilding Co. The battleship Rhode Island seems to have been a costly investment for somebody.

Holders of New York, New Haven & Hartford stock must have a sigh of relief to see the stock market's quotations show an improvement in the price, as a result of the determination of the company to issue debenture bonds instead of new stock. The action of the directors, to be sure, will put a big liability ahead of the stock, but as things were going in the market when new stock issue was expected it began to look like a par for the shares of pretty near that figure.

In an address before the New York Chamber of Commerce Senator Spooner scored President Roosevelt for the present financial disturbance and his interpretation of the President's constitutional powers. He said in part: "It was not the federal government which came to the aid of the country during the crisis encountered but a few days ago; it was the financial leaders who took the burden on their shoulders, and they were led by the uncrowned king of them all, J. Pierpont Morgan. Never in the history of this country has the standard of business men been higher or purer than it is today."

The State Returning Board completed its labors on Wednesday and declared Ralph C. Watrous, the Republican candidate, elected by nine majority. This is probably the closest contest on record in this State. Until the counters reached the city of Providence, Watrous had a good lead over his opponent. In that city he lost many votes and it looked as though he would be defeated. But Watrous came to the rescue and the final result was in his favor. The Democrats are naturally somewhat disappointed and some of them even hint that a bill may be introduced into the General Assembly asking for another count. But such a movement will not do the party much good. They had their watches on hand all the time and they could plainly see that the count was fair and honest from beginning to the end.

## Mayor McClellan's Office.

With the exception of members of the legislature, no incumbent holding the prima facie title to office can be ousted in any other manner than by legal proceedings, according to the decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the much discussed case of the majority of New York. The court holds unconstitutional the so-called recent law passed by the last legislature of the state. The proceeding authorized by that law, the court said, was either a canvass of the votes cast for the office, in which case it contravened the provision of the constitution requiring that all laws regulating the recording or counting of votes should provide for bipartisan boards, or it was a judicial determination of the title to office, in which event it violated the provision of the constitution requiring that all cases in which it has been heretofore used. A canvass having been conducted under the statutory provisions for its conduct existing at the time, the legislature has, the court holds, no power to create a new tribunal with power to canvass the election and to award possession of the office to another claimant. This outcome of the matter has been generally expected; the question of title may still be determined by the time-honored proceeding of quo warranto.

## The President's Message.

President Roosevelt's message to Congress is nearly completed. He will urge, it is said, the passage of a national incorporation law for corporations engaged in interstate business. He thinks that this should particularly apply to railroads. He will suggest that these corporations shall be required to procure a Federal license which will impose restrictions as to capitalization, etc. He will recommend amendments to the Sherman anti-trust law so as to permit of railway pooling arrangements, and will make an urgent plea for enactment of a currency law which shall give the needed elasticity. The President will not call for tariff revision at this session. He will ask for the passage of a Philippine tariff bill greatly to lower it not remove entirely the tariff on sugar, rice and tobacco coming from that archipelago. The President will recommend the creation of postal savings banks. He will urge the passage of a ship subsidy bill for the purpose of providing better American lines from the Pacific and Atlantic coasts to the great ports of South America and also the Orient. He has pledged himself to urge upon Congress the abolition of the tariff on new print paper.

## Money in Circulation.

Never before was there so much money in circulation in this country as there is today. At the beginning of the month the total had reached \$2,576,368,696, which gives \$33.23 for each person in the country. In the paper currency alone there is \$2,182,439,352, and every day sees a large addition to the amount of national bank notes outstanding; on November 2 the total stood at \$811,822,676, and since then much more have been issued. It is evident, therefore, that the fundamental trouble does not consist of a shortage of "money," although, of course, if every one who has a bank account should attempt to draw upon it for the purpose of hoarding the result would be disastrous. Fortunately, this stage of the psychological panic is rapidly passing into the realm of things regretted and regrettable. The mints are manufacturing coin at full speed, every mail steamer from Europe is laden with gold, outward-bound ships are carrying rich cargoes of the \$7,000,000,000 worth of our farm products, and common sense is gradually gaining the ascendant. Is it not time to speak of the panic in the past tense?

Speaker Cannon says "The masses in the United States never were so rich as they are today. The cotton, the corn, the wheat, the meats produced this year, and now awaiting marketing, are of the value of at least \$10,000,000,000, and the people who produce these products are substantially out of debt. I am led to believe that the deposit of the public moneys in the banks under the law, the importation of gold from Europe, the rapid increase of national currency by the banks, supplemented by the hearty co-operation of the secretary of the treasury and the President, will, in the near future, enable New York to resume payment of currency, and the balance of the country will no doubt promptly follow suit."

As a result of the financial crisis 45 banks have suffered runs; three men have been indicted for bank fraud juggling, and at least four others are likely to be; 71 banks have suspended payment, of which 15 are resuming; about \$125,000,000 has been withdrawn from New York banks, much of it redeposited in other banks, and about \$335,000,000 from banks elsewhere; 23 large cities have adopted clearing house certificates; 125 industrial plants with 135,000 employees have closed, and 14 have assigned, failures involving \$23,505,000. And yet the world still moves and the country is not likely to go into bankruptcy just yet.

Marsden J. Perry, J. Edw. Studley and Geo. L. Shepley, all identified with the failed Union Trust Co. of Providence, have resigned as directors of the National Exchange Bank of Providence. The Union Trust Co. was the largest owner of National Exchange Bank stock.

## The New State.

Oklahoma is the most precocious of all Uncle Sam's offspring. It is only about twenty years ago that the Indian title was cleared and it was opened to white settlers. Its population is about a million and a half, and it has all the social and commercial institutions of a long-settled community. The Indians had this country for many years under most favorable circumstances, for they were the five "civilized" tribes, but they never made anything but a wilderness or a cattle range of it. In half of a generation—it was organized as a territory in 1890—white men have made a populous and opulent state of it.

## Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Nov. 30, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Dec. 1 to 5, warm wave Nov. 30 to Dec. 4, cool wave 5 to 7. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 6, cross west of Pacific slope by close of Dec. 7, great central valley 8 to 10, eastern states 11. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 6, great central valley 8, eastern states 10. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 9, great central valley 11, eastern states 13.

This disturbance will bring a marked warm wave and the warmest period of the month and will be followed by a cold wave and the most sudden and greatest fall in temperature that the month will produce. In parts of the northwest a blizzard may be expected. The planetary combinations for this disturbance will be very extensive. Jupiter, Mars, Mercury and the Moon, all combining their electric forces, will give our little old earth an electric charge that may be compared to the assault of an electric eel when capturing its prey.

The overcharge of electricity results in very warm weather and then when the electricity breaks away cold takes the place of heat, the clouds collapse and rain or snow results. Very severe weather will come with the cold wave following that storm center and a large amount of precipitation from Dec. 10 to 25.

In the old folklore it was said that a white Christmas brings good health and happiness while a black Christmas brings sorrow and death. I expect a cold, white, happy Christmas with a large amount of snow in northern sections.

Snows are good for winter wheat and therefore the winter wheat farmer will be glad. It will be too early to harvest but that cold spell will make the ice man happy contemplating the coming freezes. Last part of December will turn to warmer and New Year's Day promises warm weather.

A cold wave will be on meridian 90 about last day of Nov. and then a great rise in temperature till about Dec. 10, with very little precipitation. But severe weather may be expected 3 to 7. These conditions will drift eastward across the continent in four or five days.

## Catching the Colt.

A year ago, in a public address, Secretary Shaw said that when a man in a buggy was leading a colt, he should be careful to hold a considerable slack of the halter, so that if the colt stopped suddenly, he would not be pulled out of the buggy and lose the colt. Then he went on to say that we were now carrying our wonderful prosperity at the extreme end of a long tether, and could feel the knot at the end pulling hard on our hand. It was all right so long as there was no bump in the road, but what would happen if the knot slipped and the colt ran away? Something did happen, and the colt of prosperity is now running away. Mr. Shaw's successor, Mr. Cortelyou, is now standing down the road with a long stick in his hand labeled, "3 per cent. certificates," trying to stop the colt. Several other persons, who are doing nothing to help catch the colt, are sitting on the fence shouting at Cortelyou: "You can't catch the colt with that stick." "You are no sort of a man to catch a colt, anyhow." We would respectfully suggest to these gentlemen that their position on the fence, criticizing an official who at least is trying to do something to stop the panic, is undignified and unparliamentary.—Wall St. Journal.

President Roosevelt has informed leaders in the Senate of his unalterable opposition to an asset currency law. If the Fowler bill, favorably reported to the House last session, had reached him, the President would have vetoed it. He wants an emergency currency, but wants the plan built on a policy of contraction rather than one of expansion. He would tax an emergency currency as much as 7 per cent, if he could have his way, but might consent to a tax of about 6 per cent. As far as can be learned, there will be no administration currency bill, but the President will probably outline in a very general way the kind of currency legislation he would like to have. Some Congressmen think he may recommend a guarantee for government deposits, not unlike in principle the plan that Bryan has been advocating, and that he will favor an enlargement of the list of securities behind notes.

Minister's Widow a Suicide  
Lancaster, N. H., Nov. 29.—The body of Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, widow of Rev. H. H. Colburn of Dalton, who disappeared from her home in that village last Monday night, was found in the Connecticut river yesterday. Mrs. Colburn had been despondent and undoubtedly committed suicide.

Silk Mills Damaged \$30,000  
Rutland, Vt., Nov. 29.—The boiler house of the Champlain silk mills at Whitehall, N. Y., and the upper floors of the main factory building, a seven-story structure, were damaged by fire, causing a loss estimated at \$30,000. The cause of the fire is a mystery.

Fire Kills Seven Men  
Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 29.—Seven men lost their lives in a fire which destroyed a rooming house at 1102 Union avenue in this city. Several were injured, but it is believed that none of them will die.

## Washington Matters.

President Roosevelt Stops the Promotion of "Third Term Doctrine" by Federal Office Holders—Brownsville Investigation Still Being Prosecuted—Western Bankers Badly Treated by New York—Notes.  
(From Our Regular Correspondent.)  
Washington, D. C., Nov. 29, 1907.

The greatest sensation of many months in political circles was precipitated by the President's injunction to the members of his Cabinet and through them to other federal officials, that office holders must not promote third term sentiment. From the most authoritative sources it is learned that the order is to the effect that no federal office holder may vote to instruct delegates for the President, nor may he, if elected a delegate, permit himself to be instructed for Mr. Roosevelt. President Roosevelt, it is declared, is determined the next Republican national convention shall not be a repetition, in any respect, of that of 1892, when a large number of the delegates were federal office holders instructed for Harrison for a second term.

Senators and Representatives are daily arriving in Washington in large numbers, and several of them have recently informed the President that their efforts in behalf of Secretary Taft are being thwarted by the promotion of third term sentiment by federal officials, and the President is said to have exclaimed to a certain Senator, "That has got to be stopped, and stopped mighty suddenly." Hence the order to the members of the Cabinet to restrain at once the course of their subordinates. This action on the part of the President must effectually dissipate the twaddle, so freely circulated by those reactionaries who are bitterly opposed to the policy of the administration, that Mr. Roosevelt by his appointments to federal offices was seeking to promote the demand for a third term.

Speaker Cannon has arrived in Washington and he is very optimistic as to the financial and business outlook. When broached on the subject of some plan to relieve the money stringency, he said, with most becoming humility, that he preferred to await the recommendations of the President, the Secretary of the Treasury and the appropriate committee that has jurisdiction over this subject, before making up his mind as to what should be done. As there are quite as many plans as there are people advocating them, this is considered a wise precaution on the part of the astute speaker.

The Brownsville investigation is still being prosecuted by the Senate Committee but with no heart by any member of that committee except Senator Foraker. The whole result of this investigation has been to demonstrate precisely what the War Department found when it first sought to probe the affair. First, it is impossible to determine who are the men who did the shooting; second, the shooting was undoubtedly done by some members of the negro regiment; third, the impossibility of fixing the guilt on the actual culprits destroyed the usefulness of the entire regiment, as a preserver of the peace which is the chief function of the army in times of peace. The facts are most unfortunate. If the guilty men would confess their guilt all the rest of the regiment could be promptly restored to the army. Senator Foraker has done everything possible in the case and has accomplished nothing except to establish beyond a doubt the guilt of some of the soldiers.

Reports have reached Washington from Ohio to the effect that some organizations in that State have endorsed Senator Foraker for the Presidency but this is not accepted as significant in Washington. The very large majority of the Ohioans who reach here declare that while the Senator has some staunch friends and will probably be re-elected to the Senate there is no question whatever that Secretary Taft will have the Ohio delegation in the National Republican Convention. In fact, even Gov. Hughes of New York, who after Mr. Taft is the strongest candidate in the field, is not regarded as having a ghost of a show against the Secretary of War who has conducted every delicate mission entrusted to him with such remarkable skill and who is not only heartily in sympathy with the President's policies but who has acted in the council chamber and assisted in forming many of them.

Many Senators and Representatives are reaching Washington now and all from the west are talking to the President the same story, the refusal of the New York banks to take into consideration the needs of the west as to currency. The western bankers have all the year been sending their cash to the New York banks but when September came they asked that it be returned to move the crops. At first small amounts were sent them but later the New Yorkers refused absolutely to send any money west and the greatest inconvenience has been caused throughout the agricultural sections of the country. Secretary Cortelyou apparently failed to appreciate the situation and put all the Treasury surplus in the New York banks. Now, however, the President has taken a hand and insists that every penny received from the sale of Panama bonds and Treasury certificates shall be deposited in western banks. With money plenty in the west the crops can be sent east and sold immediately to European buyers and European money will then flow in to relieve the shortage in the East.

Senator Handbrough has reached Washington and is exerting himself to promote the production of free alcohol by farmers, in accordance with the provisions of his bill of last session. There has been great opposition to farmers producing their own alcohol, the trust and big distillers wanting to keep the industry for themselves, but now that Mr. Handbrough has undertaken to stir things up it is probable that stills will be imported and instructions issued so that the farmers can produce their own fuel and lighting material without being dependent on either the distillers or the Standard Oil Company. At the Jamestown Exposition there has been an exhibition of alcohol burning lamps, etc., which was most interesting. The lamps which burned alcohol gave a beautiful light, gave off no smell and were non-explosive.

An organized effort to restore confidence in the financial and business world was started in New York Saturday. It is proposed to hold mass meetings in eleven of the largest cities and also enlist the support of every trade publication in the country. A particular effort is to be made to get hoarded money back in the legitimate channels of trade and prevent, if possible, further curtailment and laying off of labor, closing of factories, etc.

Mr. William Welner has gone to New York to reside.

## Prevailing Styles.

The following letter from a dealer to a manufacturer as to the fall and winter styles contains just a few grains of sarcasm: Blue will be the prevailing color this winter, although the standard shades of green and gold will still be very popular. In mixed goods, figures will be much smaller and there will not be so many checks. It is likely that a few stripes will be worn, but the stripes will go around the body instead of up and down.

The green goods will be made up more simply and with fewer trimmings than last season, although there will not be a few ruffles. Wastes will be shorter.

Frocks are not straight as they were and everything will be tight, with a few gathers here and there. Many veils will be raised.

Very little velvet will be seen.

## NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS.

Two stables, nine horses, three hacks and 15 carriages and wagons were burned in a midnight fire at East Boston. The loss is \$12,000.

William Stacey, aged 43, of Boston, committed suicide at his home by asphyxiation. He had suffered an injury to his head and it is believed his mind was affected.

Tying a rope around his neck and, securing the other end over the top of a door, George H. Oliver of Boston, aged 56, kicked a chair out from under him and committed suicide. He was despondent.

Charles Powers, a brakeman, aged 22, was killed in the West Warren, Mass., freight yards.

Francois Deschene of Brunswick, Me., aged 52, fell down a long flight of stairs, breaking his neck.

George C. Lyon, one of the best known druggists in New England, a member of the firm of Hall & Lyon, died at his home at Providence.

The floor in the kitchen of Mrs. Corser of West Royalton, Mass., has just been relaid after 120 years' service.

Milton Warren, Pope professor of Latin at Harvard university, dropped dead of heart failure at his home at Cambridge, Mass. He was born at Providence in 1850.

Construction work on the power transmission line from Ellsworth to Veazie, Me., which has been under way at the Bangor end for some time, has been suspended until spring.

Major George F. Barlow, U. S. A., retired, died at his home at Boston. He was born in Massachusetts in 1828.

A loss of \$30,000 was caused by fire at Ware, Mass., which destroyed a two-story wooden block on Main street. The fire started from some unknown cause in a photographic studio.

Michael Furey of Salem, aged 60, was struck and killed by a train at Lynn, Mass. He passed beyond the end of one train and was struck by a train going in the other direction.

A memorial tablet of Sirius marble dedicated to Henry Foster, first president of Harvard university, suitably inscribed, was presented to the First Baptist church in Boston. Dunster was considered for the first pastor of the First Baptist church, but did not live to accept the position.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

NOVEMBER 1907.	STANDARD TIME.
Rises	Sets
Sun 7 24 31	Moon 11 23 53
Mon Dec 7 34 34	2 27 40
Tues 7 44 31	3 34 51
Wed 7 54 24	4 38 57
Thurs 8 4 13	5 34 62
Fri 7 14 11	6 21 71
Sat 7 24 31	7 35 30

New Moon, 8th day, 3h. 22m., morning.

First Quarter, 15th day, 6h. 10m., evening.

Full Moon, 19th day, 9h. 50m., evening.

Last Quarter, 27th day, 6h. 10m., evening.

## CHOICE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

For Sale. Superior House  
On East Road, Middletown, R. I. On the Folley line. With all modern accommodations, heating and plumbing. Also acre Stable and 1 1/4 acres of land. Easy distance from Newport, one of the most beautiful houses in Middletown. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

182 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

## Deaths.

At his residence, 128 Long wharf, John G. Shea, aged 77 years.  
In this city, 22d inst., Susan M., widow of John Shea, in her 84th year.  
In this city, 26th inst., Emily G. Bining, in New York, 24th inst., suddenly, Joseph F. Kane, son of Alexander and Abbie Kane of this city, in his 28th year.

Wanted—Old Pictures, Furniture, &c.  
I pay largest cash prices for old pictures, old furniture, china, etc. Address Box 1, 11-182a  
MERCURY OFFICE.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price Twenty Cents.

OUR

## The Youth's Companion Calendar For 1908.

The publishers of the Youth's Companion will, as always at this season, present to every subscriber whose subscription (\$1.75) is paid for 1907 a beautiful Calendar for the new year. Four paintings by artists of distinction are reproduced in the four panels of the Calendar by a process of color-printing which has been recently brought to remarkable excellence. The first of the panels is an inspiring sea scene, full of the beauty of the wide ocean and sky, and the joyous rush of the home-bound ship. The second is a fine cattle piece. The third pictures an old mill at Zsaudam—typically Dutch in treatment. The fourth panel depicts a "Girl with Roses"—a charming face, exquisite in color and expression. All the pictures are worthy of preservation long after 1908 has passed into the good old times.

Tom—"It was a case of love at first sight with me."  
Jack—"Then why don't you marry her?"  
Tom—"Oh, I saw her again on several occasions."—Chicago Daily News.

## Election Warrant.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SE. CITY OF NEWPORT  
WHEREAS, in accordance with the provisions of SECTION 29 of CHAPTER 1392 OF THE PUBLIC LAWS passed APRIL 18, 1906, and adopted JUNE 6, 1907, the First Tuesday in December in every year is designated as the day for holding Ward Meetings for the election of City Officers, said Tuesday being the THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1907, and

WHEREAS, the Representative Council of the City of Newport, at a meeting held on Monday, November 18, 1907, passed the following resolution, viz:

"RESOLVED, that the following proposition be submitted to the Electors of the City of Newport qualified to vote upon any proposition to impose a tax or for the expenditure of money, at the Ward Meetings to be held on Tuesday, December 3d, 1907, to-wit:

"That the Representative Council be authorized to erect a new school house and equip the same upon land belonging to the City situated on Forewell and Edward streets whereon now stands the Forewell and Edward schools, at an expense not to exceed Fifty Thousand Dollars, and to issue four per cent. serial bonds payable \$1,000 each year of the City, to an amount not exceeding thirty thousand dollars (the balance to be taken from the Newport School Fund), principal and interest of said bonds to be payable in gold coin of the United States of the present standard of weight and fineness."

RESOLVED, that the City Clerk is hereby directed to insert said proposition in his warrant calling said Ward Meetings and to cause the same to be printed upon the official ballots for said Electors."

WHEREFORE, the qualified electors of this city are hereby warned and notified to meet in their respective Ward Meetings on said TUESDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1907, at half-past six o'clock in the morning at the following named places designated according to law, viz:

IN THE FIRST WARD, at the Ward Room in No. 2 Fire Station Building, Bridge Street.

IN THE SECOND WARD, at the Ward Room in No. 2 Fire Station Building, Equality Park Place.

IN THE THIRD WARD, at the Ward Room in No. 1 Fire Station Building, Mill Street.

IN THE FOURTH WARD, at 391 Thames Street, in Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society's Block.

IN THE FIFTH WARD, at Abnerian Hall, Wellington Avenue, (formerly Grace Chapel).

AND, to give in their ballots, as provided by law, for one elector of said City for Mayor to serve for one year from the first Monday in January next; for four members of the PUBLIC SCHOOL COMMITTEE to serve for three years from said first Monday in January next, and for WARDEN and WARD CLERK of their respective Wards to serve for the term as by law provided; AND, said qualified electors who are entitled to vote upon any proposition to impose a tax or for the expenditure of money will give in their ballots for MAYOR, PUBLIC SCHOOL COMMITTEEMEN, WARDEN and WARD CLERKS as aforesaid; and for five ALDERMEN to serve for one year from the first Monday in January next, one from each ward of said City and for thirteen MEMBERS OF THE REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL, for each of the WARDS of said City, for the term of three years, who shall reside in the wards from which they are elected; and for one member of the Representative Council, for two years, from the Third Ward to fill the vacancy caused by the death of a Member from said Ward for three years.

And to give in their ballots as provided by law, upon the aforesaid PROPOSITIONS submitted for their approval or rejection.

Said Ward Meetings, according to law, will be kept open from half-past six o'clock in the morning until half-past six o'clock in the evening and no longer.

WITNESS my hand this twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1907.

F. N. FULLERTON, City Clerk.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

R. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST.

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal, or if the time have attended to at once by a competent man. The prescription that we can give at Health & Co's are now on file at all the fine optical retailers of all kinds. Qualifying prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 530 P. M.—8:00 P. M.



## FORTUNE IS GONE

Deposed, President of Borough Bank Leaves Wife Penniless

## DIES BY HIS OWN HAND

Used Razor and Knife on Self After Being Released From Jail—Brooded Over Desertion by His Financial and Social Friends

New York, Nov. 27.—Howard Maxwell, deposed president of the Borough bank of Brooklyn, who was under indictment for grand larceny and forgery, cut his throat and left wrist with a razor and penknife in the bathroom at his home in Brooklyn and died last night.

Maxwell, who was locked up last Thursday, had felt his humiliation keenly, and during his incarceration had appeared hopelessly despondent. He was released late Monday night from jail, where he had been held a prisoner since the three indictments charging him with misdeeds in connection with the management of the suspended Borough bank were returned.

There was some difficulty in obtaining bail and Maxwell was greatly broken. All Monday and the day before he lay on his bed and appeared to be oblivious to surroundings. He declined to receive any visitors except his wife and counsel. Monday night Justice Burr signed an order for Maxwell's release when bail to the amount of \$40,000 was furnished by Maxwell's four unmarried sisters, who offered their home as security for a \$10,000 bond; two friends who qualified for \$10,000, and a security company which gave a bond for \$10,000. Maxwell, after his release, was driven to his residence, where he was greeted by his wife and 7-year-old niece, Dorothy Duell.

Maxwell spent the forenoon quietly at his home. Yesterday afternoon he announced his intention of taking a bath and going for a walk. Shortly before 2 o'clock a colored maid heard a sound as of someone falling. Hurrying upstairs, she discovered the banker lying on the bathroom floor, half dressed, with gaping wounds in his throat and left wrist. On a washstand nearby lay a razor, half open, and a penknife, with blades open at each end, and both covered with blood. A second razor lay half opened in the hallway leading to the bathroom.

Maxwell was conscious and tried to articulate, but failed to make himself understood. Dr. Brown, the family physician, was hastily summoned and he called in Dr. Greeley. The banker was bleeding so profusely that it was decided to remove him to a hospital, where an operation was performed. The wound in the left wrist was nearly severed and the man's left arm was cut almost to the bone. Maxwell died within a short time after the operation. Maxwell was 49 years old and leaves a wife, but no children. On Nov. 21 he was jointly indicted for grand larceny with former Cashier Campbell and Director Gow of the Borough bank. There were other indictments against him, involving forgery in a quarterly bank statement made to the state banking department. When these three men were arraigned, Campbell and Gow secured bondsmen, but, to the surprise of many who knew of Maxwell's popularity in financial circles and socially, none offered to go upon his bond.

During his arraignment Maxwell's counsel stated that his client had put up every dollar in the world he possessed to secure the bank, and that he had absolutely stripped himself to protect the institution. Later, on the way to his cell, Maxwell is said to have borrowed \$3 with which to buy a meal or two from a nearby restaurant. At the time he had declared that he did not have a cent with which to provide himself any extras outside the prison fare. His humiliation was aggravated when he was measured by the Bertillon system and his pedigree placed in the jail records.

The Borough bank, operating on what has been described as "liberal lines," achieved a remarkable success for its officers and directors, and before the crash Maxwell was reported to be worth \$200,000. All this, however, was stripped from him in the effort to recoup the bank for questionable loans, for the making of which he, as president, had been held responsible.

Shortly after he became a bank president Maxwell married, and in the process of settlement of the Borough bank's affairs Mrs. Maxwell signed with him all the release deeds to realty that stood in his name, so that she is today penniless.

Following so soon upon the suicide of Charles T. Barney, the resigned president of the Kulerbocker Trust company, yesterday's suicide caused a sensation.

**Verdict in Barney Case**  
New York, Nov. 27.—A coroner's jury which held an inquest on the death of Charles T. Barney, former president of the Kulerbocker Trust company, found that Barney committed suicide. Several members of his family testified that they believed Barney's wound was self-inflicted, either by accident or with intent to commit suicide.

**Had Attack of Indigestion**  
Princeton, N. J., Nov. 26.—It is declared at the residence of former President Cleveland that the report of his illness was exaggerated and that he had been suffering only from an attack of indigestion from which he has completely recovered.

**No Strike on Newspapers**  
Fall River, Mass., Nov. 25.—A compromise has been effected between the local Typographical union and the three Fall River newspapers, whereby the compositors, linotype operators and others will receive a wage increase of \$2 a week. The men demanded an increase of \$3 a week and threatened to go out on strike today if the demand was not granted.

## HELD IN \$10,000 EACH

**Three Jenkins Brothers Arrested on Charge of Forgery**  
New York, Nov. 27.—John G. Jenkins, Jr., until recently president of the Jenkins Trust company of Brooklyn; Frank Jenkins, deposed head of the Williamsburg Trust company, and Fred Jenkins, formerly a director of the latter institution, were jointly indicted for forgery in the third degree.

The indicted men are brothers, and the charges against them grew out of loans made by the brokerage firm of F. & J. G. Jenkins, Jr., & Co. by the Jenkins Trust company. The transactions were disclosed during the examination of the trust company's books made by the state banking department after the institution had suspended. These revelations, with others, brought about the receivership and later were laid before the Kings county grand jury, which has concerned itself with banking irregularities in Brooklyn.

This jury, after indicting former President Maxwell, who yesterday killed himself, former Cashier Campbell, and Director Gow, all of the Borough bank, turned its attention to the affairs of the Jenkins Trust company. The three men indicted yesterday were arraigned and, after entering pleas of not guilty, were released, each under a bond of \$10,000.

**Taft Will Lose No Time**  
St. Petersburg, Nov. 26.—As a result of the fact that Washington has called Secretary Taft, requesting him to hasten his return to the United States, the secretary has endeavored to arrange the audience with Emperor Nicholas so as to leave St. Petersburg the afternoon of Dec. 4 instead of the night of Dec. 5, as provided for in the original schedule. Taft says that he must catch the steamer President Grant, which leaves Hamburg Dec. 7.

**A Remarkable Old Man**  
Pittsburg, Nov. 26.—W. R. Chambers died at his home in Cecil at the age of 103 years. At the time of his death he was in full possession of all his faculties. His death was due to old age. He was born in Ireland and came to this country 49 years ago. He leaves a sister in Ireland who is 103 years old and is survived by two sons and one daughter, each of whom is over 70 years old, and by more than 100 descendants.

**Failure of Silk Company**  
New York, Nov. 26.—Hampered by a lack of ready funds with which to continue its business, the American Silk company, with a capital stock of \$11,000,000 and operating mills in several cities, has been placed in the hands of receivers. The company admits its inability to raise sufficient money to carry on the business. This situation is explained by the present financial stringency.

**May Sing Christmas Carols**  
New York, Nov. 26.—Christmas carols may still be sung and the anniversary observed along traditional lines in the public schools of this city. The board of education, without a dissenting voice, passed a resolution which places that body on record as not opposed to these observances and leaves the matter to the judgment of individual superintendents.

**Forty-Nine Children Kidnapped**  
Mexico City, Nov. 26.—It is evident that for at least two months an organized gang of kidnapers has been operating in this city. Twenty-two boys and 27 girls have been stolen from their homes. What is done with them or who might be taking them away and by what means is unknown. The age of the children varies between 2 and 17 years.

**Not Guilty of Murder**  
Providence, Nov. 27.—A verdict of not guilty was returned by the jury in the trial of Ernest A. Petso, charged with the murder of Helen A. Brown, a young child. The jury occupied about four hours in considering the case. The prisoner was immediately released and the jury discharged upon the announcement of the verdict.

**Yaqui Indians Again Murdering**  
El Paso, Tex., Nov. 26.—Members of a prospecting party who have been in the state of Sonora, Mex., brought in a story of butchery by Yaqui Indians, in which four persons were killed and two injured. It is reported that Indians have made five raids in the last seven days and other deaths are reported.

**Was Jealous of His Bride**  
Lowell, Mass., Nov. 27.—Declaring that his wife of three months was faithless to him, David Mack stabbed her probably fatally. Mack was arrested and held to await the outcome of the woman's wounds. Mrs. Mack's condition is considered critical. The affair occurred at the Mack home.

**Job Printers Get Advance**  
Fall River, Mass., Nov. 26.—The demand of the printers employed in the 14 job offices in the city for an increase of pay to \$16 to week from \$13 was granted by the employers last night after a conference in which an effort was made to bring about a compromise on a basis of \$2 a week advance.

**'Frisco Plague Figures**  
San Francisco, Nov. 26.—The plague situation shows much improvement. The total number of verified cases thus far are 101; deaths, 63; discharged as cured, 30; verified cases still under treatment, 8; suspected cases, 30.

**Offers For New Securities**  
Washington, Nov. 26.—Offers for the Panama bonds and the one-year treasury certificates are still coming into the treasury department, and a feeling of greater confidence in the success of the loans seems to prevail than at any time since their announcement.

**Fatally Killed by Horse**  
Gloucester, Mass., Nov. 25.—While cleaning a horse in the stable of the city water department, John H. Ingersoll, a driver, was killed and killed by the animal. The iron-shod hoofs bit him in the head, crushing his skull. Ingersoll was 60 years old.

## BAD GANG BAGGED

Seven Notorious Yeggmen Are Caught by Boston Inspectors

## BULLETS FLY IN THE RAID

Arrested Men, Who Have Records, Believed to Be Responsible For Long Series of Breaks and Holdups in Four New England States

Boston, Nov. 27.—Seven of the most notorious "yeggmen" in the country, each of whom has served time in state prison in various sections of the country under one or more of their aliases, were captured by Chief Inspector Watts and a team of his deputy inspectors in a desperate fight, in which one innocent bystander was shot in the neck, on Washington street, near Hollis, at midnight last night.

The men are believed to have been implicated in the robbery of the post office at Ponkapoag Monday night and are believed by the police to be responsible for the long series of breaks and holdups throughout this state, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont the past two months, in which thousands of dollars of loot has been obtained.

According to the police, a private detective associated himself with the gang some time ago, and last week notified the federal authorities that the postoffice at Ponkapoag was to be burglarized early this week. The office was entered, but the officials failed to land their men at the time. The private detective had to flee from the "yegg" headquarters and last night assisted the police in rounding up the gang.

Inspector Watts and Deputies Morrissey, Cronin, Rooney, Dramessey, Patterson, Norton and O'Donnell were stationed in the downtown theatre district last night before one of the dime theatres, where it was known the "yeggs" were enjoying themselves, their headquarters being nearby.

When the men left the theatre they were pointed out by the private detective and several were immediately recognized by the inspectors as former "time" men. The inspectors jumped for the men, who at once pulled revolvers and started on the run. The inspectors gave chase, firing as they ran. Antonio Merlo, who was in the theatre crowd on the sidewalk, was shot in the neck, but it is not believed he was seriously injured.

After a hard chase all seven men of the gang were captured. The "yeggs" were taken to headquarters and detained under suspicion. The police claim that each of the men have long records in the police archives, and various aliases are given for each in addition to the fictitious names recorded last night.

One of the men has served 10 years in the North Carolina penitentiary, one was implicated in the shooting of two boys in Northampton, Mass., and another was the companion of the "yegg" who shot a watchman in South Boston last spring and was himself killed.

**Federal Authorities Get Yeggs**  
Boston, Nov. 26.—The seven "yeggmen" captured by Chief Inspector Watts and seven assistants after a desperate battle on Washington street, in the heart of the city, at midnight, have been turned over to the federal authorities. They were arraigned before Commissioner Hayes on the charge of robbing the postoffice at Ponkapoag and were bound over in \$5000 each and committed to jail to await a hearing next Monday. Pleas of not guilty were entered in each case.

**Killed Father in Mother's Defense**  
New York, Nov. 25.—In defense of his mother, Peter Lindermeyer, aged 17, grappled with his father and during the scuffle the elder man was shot and killed. Young Lindermeyer had seen his mother knocked down and fired upon when he interfered, and he was attempting to take a revolver from his father when the weapon was discharged. The boy surrendered himself.

**Boy Killed by Falling Tree**  
Northampton, Mass., Nov. 25.—Albert Hebert, 14 years of age, with some companions was watching a crew of men engaged in getting out lumber in the woods near Lee when one of the big trees crashed down in the direction of the boys. They started to run, but one of the branches struck Hebert, killing him instantly.

**Church Destroyed by Fire**  
Manchester, N. H., Nov. 25.—The Congregational church in Dorset was burned early Sunday, causing a loss of \$10,000. When discovered the flames had gained such headway that the bell could not be rung and consequently assistance could not be quickly summoned. The church was built in 1833.

**Sousa Suffers From Poison**  
Chicago, Nov. 26.—John P. Sousa, the noted bandmaster and composer, is seriously ill at the Auditorium hotel here from the effects of ptomaine poisoning contracted in Milwaukee. He was unable to conduct the concert given by his band here last night, being confined to his room.

**Mind May Be Unbalanced**  
Augusta, Me., Nov. 27.—Arthur O. Shattuck, who fired five shots from a revolver in the smoking car of a passenger train, injuring two persons slightly, was ordered committed to the state insane asylum for observation as to his sanity by Judge Hall of the superior court.

**Where Shaw Places Blame**  
Chicago, Nov. 25.—Extravagant flying by the American people, a plethora of undigested securities and too much denunciation of American business methods were blamed for the financial stringency by Leslie M. Shaw, president of the Carnegie Trust company of New York, and formerly secretary of the treasury, in a speech at the banquet given by the National Freshness League.

## AN OPERATOR'S ERROR

Said to Be Responsible For Costly Wreck and Loss of Life

Cornell, Me., Nov. 29.—A head-on collision between a regular freight train and a special freight here resulted in the death of Harry Symonds, fireman, and the injury of five other trainmen.

The cause of the wreck is said by officials of the Maine Central here to have been the failure of A. Roy, telegraph operator at Northern Maine Junction, to deliver supplementary crossing orders to train No. 36, west-bound. Roy has disappeared.

Both of the locomotives and 20 freight cars were completely wrecked and the money loss is heavy. It will require several days to clear the track, and meanwhile trains are passing on a temporary track laid around the wreck.

## Burgars in a Church

Fairfield, Conn., Nov. 29.—St. Thomas' Roman Catholic church was entered, the tabernacle broken open and two of the sacred vessels taken, in addition to between \$150 and \$200 that was in the poor boxes. The more valuable vessels had been taken to the parochial residence for safe keeping, as twice before the church had been entered and robbed. There is no trace of the burglars.

## Mills Going on Full Time

Sanford, Me., Nov. 29.—A return to a full-time schedule in all departments was the Thanksgiving eve announcement made to the 1200 operatives in the Sanford mills, which have recently been running on half-time. Notices were posted by the management stating that the mills will resume work in full next Monday. The Sanford mills manufacture woolen and mohair goods.

## Suicide on Undertaker's Steps

Dover, N. H., Nov. 29.—In ill-health and despondent over the death of his wife a year ago, Edwin G. Hussey, aged 69, stood on the steps of a local undertaking establishment last night and shot himself through the heart. The undertakers were the ones who buried his wife. Hussey was a carpenter and had a handbook in his pocket when he fired the fatal shot.

## Derrick Boom Killed Contractor

Groton, Mass., Nov. 29.—William L. Ward, a Lowell contractor, was accidentally killed on the Nashua river, two miles from here. Ward was in charge of the work of putting in a new bridge at that point, and while superintending the construction he was struck by a derrick boom, the hook of which broke, and was almost instantly killed.

## Brawl Results in Shooting

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 29.—A special to The Telegram from Athol says that Alex Mains, 25 years old, was perhaps fatally shot by Dominick Diodrio at the home of Thomas Mains, the victim's brother. The shooting occurred during a drunken brawl between Lillians and Italians in the Mains' home. Diodrio was arrested.

## A Decidedly Close Race

Lynn, Mass., Nov. 29.—Joseph J. Lee of Souverville retained his claim to the New England amateur cross-country championship by winning the 10-mile cross-country run here, covering the distance in 57 minutes, 44 seconds. Robert Fowler of Cambridge was only three-quarters of a second behind Lee at the finish.

## American Outrigger Frenchman

Boston, Nov. 29.—Hugh McLean defended his title of American middle-distance champion against Louis Daragon of France, the European, titleholder, in a 15-mile motor-pace bicycle race here last night. The race was divided into three heats of five miles each, all of which were won by McLean.

## CALLS HIS CURE A PERFECT MIRACLE

Suffered Tortures With Terrible, Dry Eruptions Since Reaching Manhood—Doctors All Failed—Became Too Disfigured to Leave House—Now Well and Says:

## CUTICURA REMEDIES WORTH WEIGHT IN GOLD

"I cannot help expressing to you my most sincere thanks for the benefit which I have derived from the use of Cuticura Remedies. They represent a perfect miracle and each net is worth its weight in gold to suffering humanity. Ever since the time I grew into manhood I have been suffering from a dry eruption which at times appeared very extensively, and at other times, but to a limited degree, on my body. I consulted a number of medical men without result, and in January I was afflicted with a terrible eruption on my head, scalp, and face, which was so bad that I could not even leave the house, so I finally resorted to Cuticura.

"In the morning after breakfast I took a tablespoonful of Cuticura Resolvent, the same after dinner and supper. Three times a day I washed myself with Cuticura Soap, and three times a week I took a hot bath with Cuticura Soap and applied Cuticura Ointment to the parts that were painful. So far my Cuticura Remedies represent an outlay of only a few dollars and I am completely restored to health, while formerly I had spent hundreds of dollars on doctors' remedies, and treatments without getting cured. Needless to say, I am quite ready to spend my last cent for Cuticura Remedies. Henry B. Napping, 633 Eagle Ave., New York, N. Y., Feb. 16 and Mar. 15, 1906."

## A FRIGHT WITH PIMPLES

Cuticura Soon Makes Skin Clear.  
"My face, a few months ago, was certainly a fright with pimples. I heard about Cuticura Remedies and got Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and a short while my face was well and skin white and clear. I advise any one whose skin is full of pimples and blackheads to use Cuticura Remedies. Ruth Heckerich, 408 W. 3rd St., Panam, Ill., Sept. 22, 1907."

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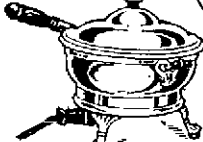
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## The First Dead Leaf.

The first dead leaf came dancing down—  
And all at once the sky was gray  
While over country side and town  
There sighed a breeze that seemed to say  
The leaf of summer had been rung.  
The long, long days of peace were gone,  
That as an army's van outbore  
The front of winter hastened on.

The bees went humming to and fro,  
The flowers nodded in the breeze  
The grasses laughed and whispered low  
Their merry, jingling melodies.  
The birds sang in the merry song,  
Stood as do sentinels that knew  
But none of all of them might know  
The first dead leaf was dancing down.

The first dead leaf—it fluttered by—  
In mid-air it was though 'twere glad—  
But from some where there came a sigh  
That drifted treacherous and sad,  
And after a moment it was still  
Above the country side and town,  
And suddenly the air grew chill—  
The first dead leaf was dancing down.

It blazed with gold and brown and red—  
It blazed where came the glowing hue;  
The heart of summer time had fled  
Upon the dying leaf, I knew,  
It danced a measure by the way,  
A measure with red and gold and brown,  
A measure with red and gold and brown,  
The first dead leaf was dancing down.

Then came the first autumnal hulk,  
A shadowy hulk of trees and grass—  
A cricket tried in accents dull  
A dance until the first dead leaf  
That summer—surely summer—  
And the first dead leaf was dancing down.  
The first dead leaf was dancing down.

## Peary On Thin Ice.

When Commander Peary, on his latest trip north, left his winter quarters at Cape Sheridan and set out on his "dash for the pole," he virtually "buried his bridges" behind him, if so warm a metaphor can be used of polar work. With a small party, equipped with dogs and sledges, he dashed ahead, leaving several provisions parties engaged in catching provisions and bringing up new supplies.

Unfortunately, all the advance parties were thrown back on his by coming upon an open "lead," or river of unfrozen water in the ice, which they could not pass.

Sending some back, and waiting many days, during which his enlarged party made dangerous forays on the supplies, he at last got across on thin ice with eight men, with short supplies, and with a conviction that proved well founded that no more supplies could come across the lead to him.

Killing their dogs one by one as they needed them, the party advanced to latitude eighty-seven degrees, six minutes, when all were so weak and the supplies so scant it was evidently certain death to go farther; then they turned back. At that moment perhaps Peary alone realized "what the retreat meant." They had almost no supplies, and the open lead was between them and relief. If that was uncrossable they were doomed to speedy death.

When they came to the lead, about a week after turning back, they found it open, and half a mile wide. For two days they skirted it to the eastward, part of the time during a terrible storm. Nothing was in sight in any direction but ice and snow, and this black water slowly widening, until it extended two miles from the ice floe they were on to that which stretched toward them scores of miles from the northern end of Greenland.

At last scouts reported a skim of ice forming to the eastward. The whole party hurried thither. Yes—there was ice across the lead, but so soft and thin no man could step on it without going through. At any moment it might break up. Peary tied on his snowshoes and essayed to step on the ice with them. It bore him momentarily, but he could not stand still.

This was the only hope of life. Hastily snowshoes were tied on, and very tightly, since life depended on them, and then the weary, worn-out party stepped gingerly to the ice and began a soft footed run for the opposite side. The three remaining dogs with the single sledge scurried with them.

It was a heart-breaking race, says Commander Peary in his account of the voyage. No one dared stop or even lift his snowshoes. Even as they scurried the ice away and gave with them. A single misstep might mean death.

Once Commander Peary stubbed a toe into the ice and stumbled and thought he was lost, but he fortunately recovered. A moment later he heard a similar splash from the rear, but dared not turn his head.

"Who is it?" he called, but no one answered. The icy ice swelled and fell away, the snowshoes seemed to grow every moment heavier, but at last the two miles were passed, and they stepped upon the firm ice of the Greenland floe.

Then Peary turned to see who had been lost, but his party was entire. The other stumblers had also saved himself. But as Peary, pointing back at the ice said: "If the chief had been with me he would be there now." The chief, however, weighed over 235 pounds.

Even with the lead crossed the party was not safe; but at last they reached the Greenland coast, and there, while their last remaining dog worried a bull musk ox and kept the herd from fleeing, Peary, so weak he could scarcely stand, killed enough to furnish food for three days as they marched along the coast toward their ship—Youth's Companion.

## A Problem.

"Here's a problem for you," remarked Jones major to Smith minor, who considered himself exceptionally smart in answering riddles. "A donkey was tied to a rope six feet long; eighteen feet away there was a barrel of hay, and the donkey wanted to get to the hay. How did he manage it?"

"Oh, I've heard that before!" rejoined Smith minor. "You want me to say, 'I give it up,' and you'll say, 'So did the other donkey!'"

"Not at all!" said Jones major. "Then how did he do it?"

"Just walked up to the hay and ate." "But you said he was tied to a rope six feet long?"

"So he was. But, you see, the rope wasn't tied to anything. Quite simple, isn't it?"—Clums.

Mrs. Gaddie (over telephone)—This is Mrs. Gaddie. I wanted to have a talk with your wife this morning.

Mr. Merchant—Oh, yes, Mrs. Gaddie. Well, I asked her not to go shopping this morning as she had intended because the weather's so bad.

Mrs. Gaddie—Ah! then I'll be likely to catch her.

Mr. Merchant—Yes, if you know where she usually does her shopping.—Philadelphia Press.

Young Wife—"I am unlucky!" Yesterday the beef was roasting beautifully in the oven, and while I ran to tell my husband about it, it burned.—Megendorfer Hatter.

## Winter Care for Bulbs and Roots.

Now is the proper time, if it has not been attended to before, to lift and store for the winter all tulips and tuberous rooted plants.

Daffodils should be carefully labeled by having the name firmly attached to the main stem close to the ground. The tops should be cut off about one foot from the root. Then carefully dig them, shake off all the earth and place them in the sun until thoroughly dry. Now clean off every particle of earth left sticking to them and they are ready to store away in a warm, dry place until the following spring.

Cannas should be cut off as close to the ground as possible, the clumps dug, torn apart and thoroughly dried. If they are not shaken apart it is very hard to dry them out. After they are quite dry they should be stored in a moderately warm place.

The common varieties of cannas may remain in this condition until spring, and will keep very well. In storing them pack them close together, with the tops down and roots up. This will prevent them from starting to grow, and will keep the roots in a measure from starting to decay.

The new French cannas introduced during the last few years, and now so very popular, grown for their gorgeous heads of bloom and wonderfully free-flowering qualities, need to have for the present the same treatment as the other sorts, but they will not keep alive dormant until spring as do the common kinds. If you treat them in this way you will find in the spring when you go to overhaul them that they are all dried up. They do not seem to have the same vitality as do the older ones.

What you want to do is to look them over carefully about the latter part of February or the beginning of March, and as soon as you see them commencing to shrivel clean the roots all off and place them in a shallow box of soil, and just give them moisture enough to keep them from drying up.

As spring advances give a little more moisture, and by planting out time they will be well rooted and in good order to plant, and will push out vigorously under the influence of warm sunshine and spring rains.

It is an important matter to keep your eyes open and see the difference in keeping qualities of your cannas. Many lift their cannas that have been so beautiful during the summer and pack them away with great care in a place where they know they will never be frost-killed and can not understand why they are all dead in the spring. We have seen a wheelbarrow load of good cannas roots taken into the cellar in the fall and a single good root could not be found among them in the spring.

It is not the place you keep them in that causes you the trouble and subjects you to the loss. It is simply, as stated above, that these new varieties will not live in a dormant state as long as do the older sorts. If you will follow the above directions it is an easy matter to keep any of them over the winter. Where you have a large bay window or conservatory that is kept moderately warm you can put some of the dwarf varieties of flowering cannas and they will bloom beautifully all winter. They grow, of course, too large for small windows.

## SWEET PEAS.

All lovers of sweet pea flowers, who for various reasons are apt to be late in beginning garden operations in the spring, should by all means sow their sweet pea seed now. Sow in double rows about 1 foot apart, and from 4 to 6 inches deep. Tamp the earth firmly and cover the surface of the ground with light litter or manure, and your sweet peas will be well rooted in the spring, and start to make tops when the average growers are sowing their seeds.

Sweet peas like the cool weather of early spring, and if you may be late in commencing garden operations next spring better sow now and be sure of success. Late spring planted sweet peas grow to tops and make few flowers. It is from those planted early in the spring or the fall before that the masses of heavy flowers are cut.

The lawns, or yards, as it may be, should now be raked off clean, and if signs of poverty are visible, given a coat of well rotted manure.

The herbaceous border is benefited by a good coat of short manure, but before putting it on, clear the border well of all weeds, trash, dead plants, etc. then carefully label each plant, and drive down at the root of those that are apt to be killed to the ground with frost a good stake. See that it is in good and firm, so that the freezing and thawing will not throw it out. If you do not do this you may, when spring comes, forget where each specimen is planted and you are apt to lose many good plants in digging the border, which, if everything is thus plainly marked, can be avoided. Hollyhocks, sweet williams, larkspurs and many other herbaceous plants need plenty of manure around their roots but don't put it on the top of them, or you may rot or smother them out. Do the work carefully and press the manure firmly about them.

Climbing roses that are apt to be badly winter-killed, should be carefully cut down from their supports, and the tops tied carefully together and laid along the ground next the porch and wall, and covered with litter and manure. In early spring they can be tied up again to their supports, and you will have the benefit of all the flowers.

Single specimen hybrid roses simply need manure around the roots. Tender and ever-blooming roses growing in beds should have the ground covered 6 inches deep with good stable manure. This will protect them, although they are always frozen down to the manure, but not often below it. In the spring take the manure away from them as soon as the danger from frost is over and cut them back to the green wood and they will be all the better for the pruning back.

The pumpkins should, in this latitude, be most carefully protected. First tie the tops together and then bend them down so as to form as small a head as possible, then tie it up with plenty of straw and heap the earth and manure or leaves well up around the roots. Some cover with a barrel and then heap the earth or manure around outside the barrel. The great trouble in growing the pumpkins is in wintering it. But by following the above directions you should have little trouble.—Philadelphia Record.

The Main Point.

"Young man, you don't want my daughter."

"Why, sir, I can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed."

"But can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed to read in trashy novels?"—Washington Herald.

## The Law Against Killing.

Deep Rooted Feeling Against Murder Exists in Most Animals.

From Ernest Thompson Seton's "The Natural History of the Ten Commandments" in the November Century.

There is a deep-rooted feeling against murder in most animals. Their senses tell them that this is one of their own race, and their instinct that, therefore, it is not lawful prey. New-born rattlesnakes will strike instantly at a stranger of any other species, but never at one of themselves. I have seen a young mink, still blind, suck at a mother cat till fed, then try to kill her. Though a blood-thirsty creature, it would never have attacked its own mother.

Wild animals often fight for the mastery, usually over a question of mates, but in virtually all cases the fight is over when one yields. The vanquished can save himself either by submission or by flight. What is commoner than to see the weaker of two dogs disarm his conqueror by groveling on the ground? The victor in a fight between two cats is satisfied when the foe lies; he will not pursue him twenty yards. In either case, had the enemy been of another race, the victor would have followed and killed him.

What makes the difference? Obviously not a reasoned-out conclusion, but a deep instinctive feeling—the recognition of the unwritten law against unnecessarily killing one's own kind.

There are doubtless exceptions to this. Cannibalism is recorded of many species, but investigation shows that it is rare except in the lowest forms, and among creatures demoralized by domestication or captivity. The higher the animals are, the more repugnant does cannibalism become. It is seldom indulged in except under dire stress of famine. Nothing but actual starvation induced Nansen's dog to eat the flesh of their comrades, although it was offered to them in a disguised form. Experience shows me that it is useless to bait a wolf trap with a part of a dead wolf. His kinsman shun it to disgust, unless absolutely famished.

Obviously no race can live by cannibalism, and this is instinctively recognized by all the higher animals. In other words, the law against murder has been hammered into them by natural selection, and so fully established that not only will they abstain from preying on one of their own tribe, but will rally to rescue one whose life is threatened. The fact that there are exceptional cases does not disprove the law among beasts any more than among men.

## Did You Ever See a Mouse?

This game can be played in a clear, open space with a dozen or more—the more the merrier. It has a leader and a "blind man." A good strapping boy is preferred as "blind man"—the leader could be any size—it doesn't matter. The game is played standing as close together as sardines in a box; the leader turns to her or his neighbor on the right.

Leader (first time)—"Did you ever see a mouse?"

Right-hand Neighbor—"No, what does it look like?"

Leader—"It looks like this (stretches out left arm and points with forefinger, keeping that position).

Right-hand neighbor then turns to his or her right-hand neighbor, and the same form is gone through all down the line, so when it is the leader's turn again all the left arms are stretched out, and all the left forefingers pointed.

Leader (second time)—"Did you ever see a mouse?"

Right-hand Neighbor—"No, what does it look like?"

Leader—"It looks like this (stretches out right arm and points with forefinger, keeping that position).

These questions go in the same manner down the line, all taking the same position.

Leader (third time)—"Did you ever see a mouse?"

Right-hand Neighbor—"No, what does it look like?"

Leader—"It looks like this (kneels on left knee with both arms stretched straight out both forefingers pointed).

All down the line in turn take the same position.

Leader (fourth time)—"Did you ever see a mouse?"

Right-hand Neighbor—"No, what does it look like?"

Leader—"It looks like this (gives a gentle push with the right shoulder).

This is all the game, as you will plainly see. And if you do not laugh, ill-used you will be.—Washington Star.

## His Son Bill No Fool.

"There's that son Bill of mine," said the old farmer as he chewed at a toothpick and looked out across the meadow. "I've always considered Bill about as near a fool as they make 'em. One day in May he come home from town and says to me:

"'Dad, the wheat crop's short by 200,000,000 bushels."

"What of it?" says I.

"'Wheat's going to jump.'"

"Well, let 'er jump."

"But you've got \$200 in cash. Buy wheat and make half a thousand."

"Bill," says I, "when I want to play the fool and lose my \$200 I'll come to you for advice."

"That's what I want, just as I meant it to. He had a hundred of his own, and next day he went up to town again. He didn't say nothing for a week and then suddenly shows me a bank book with \$500 in his credit."

"How'd you do it?" says I with my eyes bulged out.

"'Dad,' he replies, 'when I want to answer fool questions I will give you the first chance.'"

"He'd put his hundred into wheat and made half a thousand, and ever since that I've been better thinkin' that he ain't so much of a durned fool but what he might make a pretty fair lawyer."

He Had Had Some.

Mr. Justcott—Why, what are you crying about, dear?

Mrs. Justcott—Oh, George, the mice have got into the pantry and eaten up a beautiful custard pie I made myself.

Mr. Justcott—There, there. Don't cry over a few little mice.—Cleveland Leader.

Returned Traveler—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease, and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her red hair. Did she ever get even with him?

Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.

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## Effectually Squelched.

The clerk in a dry goods store was waxing sarcastic at the boarding house table because the schoolteacher said she was tired. "I don't see how you have the nerve to say that," he said. "You have a snore. Your hours are short, and, although you say you have to look over papers in the evening, I reckon you don't have to spend much time on them. Then look at the vacations you have—a week or two at Christmas, another in the spring, two or three days at Thanksgiving time and then the entire summer. Look at me, I have to work eight hours every day, with only a half hour at noon, and once in awhile I have to put in an evening at the store when they take inventory of stock. And my vacation! I get the legal holidays, two weeks in the summer and during the hot months a half day off, and heaven knows what a good half day does! Gee! Schoolteachers certainly have a chuck."

During this harangue the schoolteacher listened carefully to the noise he made while he talked. When he finished she said sweetly: "Well, why don't you become a schoolteacher? There's no law to prevent you that I know of."

And the rest of the table grinned audibly, while the clerk grabbed a toothpick and went out.—New York Press.

## On the Dynamite Ships.

There is a service whose conditions are little known to the outside world, that of the men on the dynamite ships that lurk in the shadow of Convey Island. It once happened that a cargo boat took fire near Convey Island. The crew could not extinguish the flames, the vessel had to be abandoned, and the tide carried her straight for the dynamite ships. By a miracle the blazing hulk steered safely between them. But the tide turned, and with it back again she came. Another miracle and the floating inferno missed them all a second time. A spark from her blazing timbers, the least shock from a collision and she had exploded such a mine as would have blown the half of Essex into Ireland. She floated, hissing and spluttering, down the tideway and passed away, to burn herself to the water's edge beyond the reach of dynamite. And the silent, lonely men stared unsmiling at their posts and twice saw the grave open and close before them.—Army and Navy.

## Missed the Towpath.

There was a little girl five years old or so living in an inland town up the state. Near her home there was no river nor, in fact, any water but the Erie canal.

The child's mother made a visit to New York and on her return was telling of her trip down the bay and of how wonderful the sea had looked to her. Her little girl was listening eagerly.

"Tell me just what the sea is like, mamma," she said.

Her mother made an effort.

"There's the beach," she said, "all smooth white sand. You stand on it and look out over the ocean, and all you can see is water, just moving water, waves coming in and breaking—nothing but water and sky."

The child set trying to picture it, then in an awed little whisper asked: "Oh, mamma, isn't there a towpath?"—New York Times.

## Little Mame Rosa Rose.

"It doesn't take these little Russian children long to catch on to things in this country," remarked a teacher of the Educational Alliance. "When one explains a word to them they never forget it, and they are always ready with an illustration of its meaning too. I remember that some time ago I had explained to the class the meaning of the word 'ambiguity,' and then, as the custom is, I turned about and made them explain the word to me.

"Now, is there any one," I asked, "who can give me an illustration?"

"A grimy little urchin at the back of the room stuck up his hand.

"Here's an ambiguity for ye," he cried. "Little Mame Rosa sat on a tack—little Mame Rosa. See?"

"Oh, no," concluded the teacher, "you don't have to explain a thing to the east side child twice."—New York Sun.

## The Lady and Her Dog.

There are any number of men who would ask who you were talking to if you hinted that they were not absolutely masters in their own establishments, yet these very men are often the slaves of their dogs. By the way, unless you really want to make her your sworn foe, don't, whenever else you may say or do, speak disparagingly of a lady's dog, even if it is the most unlovely mongrel that ever wagged a tail.—Fry's Magazine.

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## British English.

Englishman—I say, ye know, what's the bookage to Boston? Railroad Ticket Clerk—The whatage? Englishman—The bookage, ye know—the tariff. What's the tariff? Ticket Clerk—I haven't time to talk politics.—New York Weekly.

The success of a movement depends much less upon the force of its argument or upon the ability of its advocates than the predisposition of society to receive it.—Lecky.

"I'll send my boy to a boarding school."

"What for?"

"Oh, he asks such questions. He wanted to know last night if a shoe-maker could breathe his last."

Although one tyrant's reign is past, In general mirth we do not join; The leech man gets the laugh at last Because the coal man gets the coin.—Washington Star.

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